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SEPTEMBER 1922

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No. 7

Beyond Man

Summarized from a chapter in "Books and Habits" Dodd Mead Co., New York

Lafcadio Hearn

COULD a world exist in which the nature of all the inhabitants would be so moral that the mere idea of what is immoral could not exist? Imagine a society in which the idea of dishonesty would not exist, because no person could be dishonest, a society in which the idea of unchastity could not exist, because no person could possibly be unchaste, a world in which no one could have any idea of envy, ambition or anger, because such passions could not exist, a world in which not to be loving, not to do everything which we human beings now call duty, would be impossible. Moreover, there would be no difficulty, no pain in such performance; it would be the constant and unfailing pleasure of life. Morality would have been transmuted into inherited instinct.

Can we imagine such a world? I answer that such a world actually exists. The world of insects actually furnishes examples of such a moral transformation and the important thing is the opinion of scientific men that humanity will at last, in the course of millions of years, reach the ethical conditions of the ants. Some of these conditions, established by scientific evidence, have startled

the whole moral world, and set men thinking in entirely new directions.

These facts have been arrived at through the study of hundreds of different kinds of ants, by hundreds of scientific men. The details of the following picture are furnished by a number of the highest species of ants only; that must not be forgotten. Also, I must remind you that the morality of the ant, by the necessity of circumstance does not extend beyond the limits of its own species. Ants carry on war outside their own borders; were it not for this, we might call them morally perfect creatures.

The ant is so intelligent that we are justified in trying to describe its existence by a kind of allegorical comparison with human life. Imagine, then, a world full of women, working night and day, building, tunnelling, bridging, also engaged in agriculture, in horticulture, and in taking care of many kinds of domestic animals. (I may remark that ants have domesticated no fewer than 584 different kinds of creatures.) This world of women is scrupulously clean; busy as they are, all of them carry combs and brushes about them, and arrange themselves several times

a day. In addition to this constant work, these women have to take care of myriads of children—children so delicate that the slightest change in weather may kill them. So the children have to be carried constantly from one place to another in order to keep them warm.

Though this multitude of workers are always gathering food, no one of them would eat or drink a single atom more than is necessary; and none of them would sleep for one second longer than is necessary. Now comes a surprising fact, about which more will be said later on. These women have no sex. They are women, for they sometimes actually give birth, as virgins, to children; but they are incapable of wedlock. Sex is practically suppressed.

This world of workers is protected by an army of soldiers, who help in some of the work. The soldiers are very large, very strong, and shaped so differently that they do not seem at first to belong to the same race. Now comes the second astonishing fact: these soldiers are all women, but they are sexless women. In these also sex has been suppressed.

Most of the children are born of a few special mothers—females chosen for the purpose of bearing offspring, and not allowed to do anything else. They are treated almost like empresses, being constantly fed and attended and served, and being lodged in the best possible way. Only these can eat and drink at all times—they must do so for the sake of their offspring. They are not suffered to go out, unless strongly attended, and they are not allowed to run any risk of danger or of injury. The life of the whole race circles about them.

Last of all are the males, the men. One asks why females should have been specialized into soldiers instead of men. It appears that the females have more reserve force, and all the force that might have been utilized in

the giving of life has been diverted to the making of aggressive powers. The real males are very small and weak, and appear to be treated with indifference and contempt. They are suffered to become the bridegrooms of one night, after which they die very quickly. By contrast, the lives of the rest are very long, at least three or four years. But the males live only long enough to perform their solitary function.

Now comes the most astonishing fact of all: this suppression of sex is not natural—it is voluntary. It has been discovered that ants are able, by a systematic method of nourishment, to suppress or develop sex as they please. The race has decided that sex shall not be allowed to exist except in just so far as it is absolutely necessary to the existence of the race. Here is an instance of the most powerful of all passions voluntarily suppressed for the benefit of the community at large.

But that is only one fact of self-suppression, and the ant-world furnishes hundreds. To state the whole thing in the simplest possible way, the race has entirely got rid of everything that we call a selfish impulse. Even hunger and thirst allow of no selfish gratification. The entire life of the community is devoted to the common good and to mutual help and to the care of the young. Its life is religion in the practical sense. The individual is sometimes said to be practically sacrificed for the sake of the race; but such a supposition means the highest moral altruism. Therefore thinkers have to ask, "Will man ever rise to something like the condition of ants?"

When the ancient Hebrew writer said, thousands of years ago, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways," he could not have imagined how good his advice would prove in the light of twentieth century science.

In Search of Local Color

Excerpts from Harper's Magazine

Laura Spencer Porter

THE country in which I went seeking local color when I was twenty-two has changed. At that time it was a rare thing to find a man in those regions who could write his name, and most of the women were old at thirty, with drudgery, and childbearing.

Now they tell me, these people are improved by civilization; yet something, it seems to me, has been lost to them by way of their gain; so after all these years I find myself wanting to write of them as they were.

An old friend of my family had traveled extensively through the rough counties that I wished to enter. The people he knew there would be my friends; so the path was made easy for me.

The Normans, who had been advised of my coming, lived about 15 miles back in the fastnesses of the mountains beyond Irvine, the county seat with not more than 20 houses. Toward twilight I reached their tiny cabin.

Old Clint Norman, huge lank typical mountaineer, came out to meet us, behind him his wife. They gave me a solemn, albeit a hearty, welcome. Here I was in the fastnesses of the mountains, at twilight, with the Normans who were "fine people, even if they was in some ways related to the McCoy's;" alone with them in front of a tiny cabin which held God knows what else besides the probable pots of local color.

But in time the little place began to take on character and personality, as all houses have for me a way of doing. Crude as it was, it was of the better class, boasting two tiny windows with panes, instead of mere shuttered spaces.

It consisted of two rooms and a small loft over one of these. One of the rooms was generously allotted to me. In the other, slept at night the old man and his wife, their niece, of about twelve, and their grandchild Johnny. In the low loft above this room, in which only the two younger boys could stand erect, the six sons disposed themselves.

After supper we sat about the fire. Everybody seemed to be waiting for something. Presently the old man made a gesture, and one of the boys handed him an old almanac. It seems this was the only reading matter in the house. It dated back eight years.

Tracing each word with his forefinger, the old man read slowly and laboriously one of those typical almanac jokes. It was the act of reading and not what was read that elicited the solemn interest and reverence of the rest.

Soon after this he told of a moonshine scrape between two men of that neighborhood, one an elderly man named Abner, the other a younger man named Johnson. Abner, it seems, had not been as discreet in his moonshine partnership with Johnson as mountain tradition requires. In return, he was killed by Johnson.

This action of Johnson's was so well approved by the inhabitants that he had not been brought to trial for the "killing." But, it seems he had stolen a pension check from Abner's body, and forged and cashed it. On this more serious charge he was soon to be tried by the government.

"I hate to think o' him mebbe havin' to go to jail!" said old Norman.

"Oh, he isn't in jail then?" I asked.

"Oh, my, no! What would he be in jail fer?"

(What indeed!)

Once during the recital, the oldest boy got up quietly, took one of the guns from the gun-rack, went to the door and stood listening. I learned that none of the boys ever went to the door after nightfall without taking down a gun.

Presently, I went to my room. They were a clannish people, who depended more or less, I fancied, on communion among themselves. But no sooner had I started writing in my notebook than the door opened and old Mrs. Norman looked in.

"Oh, well, all right! Ef you'd rather be in hyar, we like hit just as well."

Then there was a noisy shuffling of feet and the entire family trooped into my room with their chairs and stools.

The next morning the motherly old woman came into my room with a tall drinking glass. "Honey," she said, "do you take nutmeg in your moonshine?"

There were other offerings of hospitality besides. The woman looked a little disappointed when she saw my comb. "Oh, well then, I'll go and take Ples this, he's waitin'!"

Later in the morning old Clint Norman asked me if I would not like to go across the valley "a piece." We had gone some distance when we met a splendid looking young fellow. I waited quietly by the roadside while they talked. Presently my attention was caught to this:

"Doug Heminway says that Uncle Tim Thomas says hit was cashed the last of June," said the young man, laconically, "but, of course, that hain't true; 'cause hit war'n't cashed till after I killed Abner; and I didn't kill Abner till the first o' July."

One day not long after this, Mrs. Norman, Hattie and I were sitting in front of the fire. The old woman had wonderful tales to tell of mountain history, and an easy way of referring to large facts.

"Hits a sight," she said, "the way men do quoir! so easy! Look like they'd know better." Then with a nod toward Hattie, "Hat's brother's

up now fer killin' two men at a dance." "Hat" gazed into the fire with apparent unconcern.

"Yes," said the old woman, "them, mind you, mebbe in prison! Them, that loves freedom so!"

It was not the killing, you see, but the possible loss of freedom for her freedom-loving boys that disturbed her.

The days went by, full of interest, full of hospitality. They had a way of adopting you, approving you and doing what they hoped would please you. One day the old man took an enormously long journey to get some white flour in my honor. One day the boys filled my room with the flowers for which they had heard me express an admiration. This was the hospitality of men who would readily take their part in feuds, yet who were covered with confusion when I thanked them.

Near the cabin, in a lonely spot, were eight graves, seven full-length ones, and a tiny, tiny one. As we stood looking at them, Mrs. Norman showed the confidence she seemed to have in my sympathy.

"Sue was such a simple gal," she began. "Her pappy an' me, we didn't think she'd be marryin' soon. But along came Jim Tulliver, fum yand beyand the mounting, an' he wanted to marry her. But I sez, 'No; she's too young.' Sue war'n't but fifteen. So he rode away.

"But she pined fer him. Then I says to her pappy, 'That's because she ain't got a hat nor nairy pretty things!' So her pappy he rode over yand to Irvine, an' he brought her a calico dress that was a sight hit was so purty, an' a white dress, too, an' some ribbon. An' Sue she tuk 'em, an' she thank her pappy. But look like she pine just the same.

"Then her pappy bime-by he rode over agin an' he brought her a hat. Now old Unc' Tim Thomas, he don't 'llow his gals hats. He don't b'lieve in hats. But I do. I always did say, 'Hat shall have a hat.' Sue liked a hat well enough, but she pined just the same. Then I said to her pappy,

'Looky here, she's pinin' fer him! An' tain't no use! We've got to let her go.'

"So bime-by Jim come; an' she went back with him, an' lookin' happy. An' I ain't see her no more till Jim came across the mountings in the pourin' rain to fetch me. That was when the baby was born. An' Sue, she died, like she was too tired. Then Jim fetched her over here to be buried, an' I rode back an' helt the baby, an' hit cried most of the twenty miles, like hit knowed.

"Well, sir, 'twarn't ever nuthin' like the way Clint loved that baby! I tuk it in the day an' Clint tuk it in the night. He'd walk up an' down there an' the baby cryin' all the time like hit knowed its mammy was dead. Clint, he'd make believe the baby was cryin' cause of the colic. But 'twarn't no use. That baby knowed she wanted hit's mammy, just like Sue she wanted Jim; an' there warn't no use tryin' to fool hit.

"An' hit wouldn't grow! Look like hit got littler. Hit was littler than anythin' you ever see. One night Clint sat thar with hit in front of the fire. An' the baby, hit cry and cry. Clint he put hit over his shoulder an' patted hits back, an' stomp his foot soft while he was doin' hit, an' he sang it a song, like he'd git it to stop an' think of somethin' else. But 'twarn't no use. Hit knowed what it wanted. Well, that night it died. Now hits got what hit wants. Hit's got to hits mammy."

The old man made a sort of a calendar of the baby's sojourn with them. Such and such a thing happened before the baby came or after the baby went. Ah, that baby! They would have so loved to keep it. And now it and its mammy, the girl of fifteen, sixteen, lay there, safe sheltered from the rain by little low roofs, about a foot from the ground, built over their graves. "Sue never did like the rain," said the old woman.

Another experience had touched the old woman deeply; it was the going away of "Tawm," her first-born.

"He warn't like the rest. Look like he was always thinkin' beyand them mountings. Sometimes he'd say he'd reckon he'd like to go out West. Thar's his ole coonskin cap up thar now.

"One day he say he was goin' to ride over to Irvine. Fer me, I ain't used to nothin' but these mountings; an' when I git over thar to Irvine an' see all them people an' all them houses, my head jes' gits a goin', so!" I remembered the fifteen or twenty houses of that metropolis.

"Well, he cum back towards night. Milly she cum to me, an' she says, 'Maw, Tawm's fixin' to go away. Cause he's bought him a mackintosh coat.'

"So that night I took the coat and I wrap one end of it round my hand, so. Towards mornin'—but it was still dark—I felt Tawm pullin' at it very gentle. But I helt it tight. After a while he tried agin'; but I held on to it. After that he moved off soft, agin', an' he didn't try no more.

"The next mornin' hit was pourin' rain; pourin'! 'He won't be goin' away whilst hit's rainin' so!' I said. Look like I was never so glad to see hit rain.

"So I set myself to fryin' the bacon, when yand came Ples runnin'. 'Oh, Maw!' he says, 'Tawm's done tuk off!' he says.

"Well, I run, an' I yell 'Tawm! Tawm!' but he ain't answer. An' I run, an' I run, an' I couldn't see whar I was runnin' fer the rain.

"Bime-by I stop, an' stumble an' fell an' ketch myself. An' I went into the house, after that, an' I set down, an' I put my apron over my head, an' I rock an' I says, 'Tawm's gone! Tawm's gone! an' he won't come back no more!'

"That was fifteen years, come springtime. But Tawm's comin' back"—she spoke with simplicity and confidence. "Thar was a man come through hyar had seed Tawm out West, an' he said Tawm had got him a wife an' three or four children, he fergit which. So Tawm'll come back some day. Them children o' hisn'll

teach him. When they git goin' away fum him, the way he went away from his pappy an' me, then he'll know how his pappy an' me felt, an' he'll know how we git longin' fer to see him sometimes. Then he'll come. Mebbe it won't be fer a long time, but Tawm'll come some day."

One other happening stands out in my memory. The boys went coon and possum hunting one night, and they took Hattie and me along. We started with the dogs and lanterns at about eight o'clock. The October air was keen against our cheeks, and the stars were out by millions.

We were joined at the foot of the mountain by a party of seven other young mountaineers with their dogs. When we had penetrated about a quarter of a mile into the forest we stopped and the men built a fire. We sat about it, waiting for the dogs to pick up a trail. One could hear them circling and yapping not far away.

The men sat or lay about gazing at the fire, saying never a word. I respected the custom of their silence. Presently one of the men went to where, at a little distance, I could see him reach up to a shadowy grape vine. He must have gathered about a half dozen bunches of wild grapes, then he returned and without a word put them simply and shyly into my hands. In a moment more another one of them, taking one of the lanterns, went to a little further distance. He came back with a handful of little wilding apples and gave them to me. The first—he of the wild grapes—who had dared so much seemed to have given courage to the others; for there were other gifts

after that whenever, apparently, the locality afforded them, chestnuts, hickory nuts, and persimmons, and more wild grapes, and once a little hurt squirrel which one of the men found and carried in his pocket some time before he could make up his mind to give it to me.

Of all the happenings that I remember there among those mountain people, this one memory has given me the most pleasure—the way those lank, silent men brought gifts in that shy but direct and utterly generous way to a girl who was a "furriner," and whom some of them had never seen before and would never see again.

Two days later I left the Norman cabin, and all that it had meant to me. Before leaving, I overheard old Clint Norman and his wife talking.

"Well, I clar to gracious, I hate to see her go."

"Wal, so do I," agreed the wife, "She's such a plain, simple gal, seems like she's blood kin."

Well, I "clar to gracious" I hated to leave them. I wanted to go again across those midnight mountains under the stars, with those strange, chivalrous, silent men; I wanted to hear more of the old woman's stories; I wanted to hear the almanac read again; I wanted to see "Hat's" brother when he was released, after killin' two men at a dance; I wanted to follow Johnson's fate; above all, perhaps, I wanted to be witness some day to Tawm's coming back, as he would in the fullness of time. But I was obliged to go.
Harp. M., Ag. '22.

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The End of Race Migrations

Excerpts from *The Yale Review*

Henry Pratt Fairchild

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1. A new situation in history.
 2. World's population doubling in 60 years.
 3. Is U. S. to have more people than China within this century?
 4. Two pertinent laws of social science.
 5. A lesson from the negroes.
-

THE new law which restricts the annual immigration of persons of any nationality to three per cent of the number of that nationality resident in the United States in 1910, marks the inauguration of a new stage of human evolution. It is one of the first expressions of an era in which mass movements of population from nation to nation will not be permitted.

There are no more new lands to be discovered by civilized peoples. No new nations will ever again find homes in the wilderness in temperate zones. The immigration-receiving countries have in the past welcomed foreign accessions because they needed them in their business, literally. Their populations have not been large enough to enable them immediately to achieve their maximum standard of living, and they have not been willing to wait for the slower processes of natural reproduction. But when nations become convinced that immigrants are no longer an advantage, but rather a menace, policies will change.

In the United States the tradition of the open door has been very strong. It took over a century to bring this nation to the point where

it was ready to establish any requirements even as to the physical and moral fitness of the foreigners who were to be admitted. But we have at last come to the parting of the ways. The thinking people of the country have largely become convinced that in the future unrestricted immigration will be increasingly prejudicial to the best interest of the country.

The chief universal reason why foreign peoples emigrate to the United States is that our land situation is superior to theirs. We are less crowded in proportion to our national resources and degree of civilization than are they. Those who desire admission to our advantages are those with a standard of living lower than ours by varying degrees, and the greater the gulf between our standard and theirs, the more insistent is the craving for admission. The assumption that it is wrong for us to refuse to share our good things with unfortunate individuals of other lands takes on a different aspect when one fully grasps the magnitude of the forces involved.

2. Increasing population is not confined to a few nations—it is a world phenomenon. A careful estimate places the total population of the world in 1800 at about 640 to 700 millions. In 1914 it was 1,649 millions. During the years 1906 to 1911 the population of the world increased at the rate of doubling every 60.1 years.

3. We think of our country as relatively thinly populated, yet if the population of the United States should continue to increase at the rate which prevailed during the representative period from 1906 to 1911, before the end of this century—which some of our children will live

to see—we should have a population about one-third larger, on a land area about one-fourth smaller, than that of China.

4. The population problem of the world is so vast that no nation should attempt to solve it by means of migration, and no case can be made out for the obligation to do so. Particular weight is added to this assertion by two general laws of social science. First, no conceivable emigration stream has any effect in reducing the population of an old and thickly settled country, but it may in fact tend to increase it. This seeming paradox is one of the best established truths of sociology, observed by Sir Walter Raleigh in England and Giovanni Batero in Italy, and attested by a long list of scientists from their day to the present. The attempt to correct overpopulation by emigration under modern conditions is like trying to lower the level of the sea by pouring the water by pailfuls on to the sand of the shore. The second law is that whenever a competition of standards of living is set up as it is by immigration, the invariable tendency is for the lower standard to win out. The fate of any country which tries to solve the population problems of foreign countries by permitting immigration will be to see its own standard of living reduced approximately to the level of that country from which the most destitute immigrants come, without producing any appreciable betterment in the foreign countries themselves.

The control of population certainly will be one of the greatest questions of the next few generations. Man cannot long continue to increase at the present rate; and if he is not to suffer a decline in civilization, he must see to it that the rate of increase is always kept definitely behind the advance in the arts of life.

Every advance in hygiene and public health which tends to extend the

average span of life adds to the gravity of this problem.

The book of race migrations must be closed forever. The peace of the world cannot be assured until some effective check is placed upon wars for land or the products of land; the prosperity of the world cannot be assured until there is a general denial of the right of any nation with an excessive increase of population to seek relief by sending its surplus nationals abroad. Each nation must be self-determining—compelled to work out its own population problems without threatening the well-being of other nations that are more intelligent or more self-controlled.

Every world-wide reform must start at some time, and the best time is now. The more the nations of the West are brought to the present situation of such countries as China and India, the gloomier becomes the outlook for the future, and the less possible becomes any satisfactory and permanent solution.

Yale R., Jl. '22

5. Eminent biologists have drawn careful conclusions from the fact that although the slave trade brought not more than 400,000 negroes to the United States, there are now more than 10,000,000 negroes and mulattoes in the country. These facts cannot be dodged. Rules of biology that were true 1,000 years ago are true today and will be true forever. The result of filling the United States with millions of the worst stock in Europe will be a very terrible thing in another 200 years. No other reason should be necessary in order to cause any nation to shut out bad immigrants and admit only good immigrants; and no other reason should be necessary in order to make every legislator admit instantly and wholeheartedly that the keeping out of bad immigrants is a matter of the utmost importance to the nation.

Saturday Evening Post, Ag. 12, '22

Where are the Cooks of Yesterday?

Condensed from *The New Republic*

Florence Guy Woolston

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1. Why so many For Sale signs.
 2. New York's male cooks and waiters.
 3. Female longshoremen, lumberjacks, teamsters.
 4. Women in every "non-feminine" sphere.
 5. Women "have broken into the human race."
-

CAROLINE WESTON used to boast that anyone could have a staying servant who understood human relations. Her own Johanna had lived in Wildwood Heights, in apparent contentment, for five years.

Those of us who visited Caroline did not marvel that Johanna remained. The attention of the entire Weston family was focused on making the "D. D."—debutante daughter, we called her, happy. They took her to the movies, provided novels and magazines for her leisure and even stimulated romance by hiring a beau to take her to dances in the village school center. They always asked her permission to invite guests to dinner and they ate what she liked to cook and made no comments.

When Johanna contracted a dislike for daylight saving, because her evenings seemed so long, Bobby, back from college, taught her to run the Ford. Before long, the driving occupied her so completely that Caroline was obliged to give up all her time to housework. The end was tragic. Johanna drove so well that the owner of the village garage hired her as a chauffeur.

"Sure," said Johanna cheerfully, "who would be standing over that

boiling stove and washing dishes, when they could be dressed fine, and out seeing all the people?"

If you drive through the environs of New York—and the same is largely true of other localities—you will see hundreds of houses marked For Sale. They represent the capitulation of some family or other when the struggle for household service became too desperate.

In the recent bulletin of the New York State Department of Labor, "Women Who Work," it is made clear that this familiar story of the vanishing servant girl has not been exaggerated. In New York State there was a decrease of nearly 25 per cent in the number of women in domestic and personal service between 1910 and 1920.

2. An interesting fact disclosed in the bulletin is that men are invading many of the occupations usually reserved for women. There are 19,000 male cooks in Greater New York as opposed to 21,000 women, and there are 28,000 men waiters, with only 16,000 waitresses. Men rarely work in the home, however, and hence the domestic problem is in no way affected.

The most dramatic change in women's work presented in the report is in the increase in the number of female clerks, not in stores. There are well over three times as many as ten years ago, and there are twice as many stenographers in New York State as there were. In clerical occupations as a group, the number has more than doubled with 114,186 in 1910 and 263,588 in 1920. This drift to the office is thus as marked as the exodus from the kitchen.

An editorial writer of 30 or 40

years ago, whose idea of women was a cross between a butterfly and a setting hen, would have died of apoplexy at the news that women in the hundreds would be working as longshoremen, stevedores, chauffeurs, plumbers, electricians, plasterers, teamsters, undertakers and peddlers by 1920.

He might be equally disturbed to learn of the 4,693 women who are general outdoor farm laborers, or the 2,124 working among the animals on dairy farms. However, in 1910 there were 13,055 on the farms of New York doing other than domestic tasks, and in 1920, only 9,269, whereas in the group covered by transportation there were in contrast only 14,603 in 1910 and in 1920, 33,422. The trend is not only out of the home, but away from anything like the farm, which involves household surroundings and intimacies.

3. If women longshoremen, lumber-jacks, and teamsters seem extraordinary, surely women in numbers into the thousand in mining and as workers in the steel and iron industries is nothing short of revolutionary. There are to-day in New York State 789 women in the building trades, including women carpenters, electricians, house painters, paper hangers, glaziers, plasterers, plumbers and even stone cutters. There are also women working as common laborers for the railroad. Women in the past, as factory workers, have been chiefly employed in clothing, textile and similar industries. To-day, New York State boasts of 2,610 in lumber and furniture work, 6,302 doing semi-skilled tasks in steel and iron and 3,217 working among the other metals; while 1,107 work in clay, stone or glass. The combined list of mill workers and skilled operators for the State runs well over 300,000. Such tasks are not so anti-Victorian as quarrying, mining, stevedoring, of course, but they are still a far cry from the kitchen store, the parlor dust-cloth and the nursery.

4. We have long been accustomed to women in the field of literature,

music and art; indeed, centuries ago Michael Angelo objected to painting on the ground that it was a woman's work; hence it is not surprising to learn that there are in New York, among women, 3,843 artists, 1,066 authors and 918 editors and reporters; nor is it surprising to note 924 physicians and 64 clergymen. The number of women lawyers is twice that in 1910. Finance and mechanics, however, have long been considered non-feminine spheres, and so it is encouraging to discover that there are 399 bankers, 940 real estate agents, 1,699 manufacturers and 1,051 managers. It is equally gratifying to discover 137 engravers, 22 electricians, 12 building contractors, 24 architects, 10 electrical engineers, 288 draftsmen, 336 chemists, to say nothing of 2,866 designers. The list even includes 7 inventors, a mechanical engineer and 324 dentists—all tasks requiring mechanical skill.

One line of work has opened for women since the last census. Since 1910, 41 policewomen have been employed, 29 of them in Greater New York. Postmistresses we have had with us always, but jobs as inspectors, sheriffs and detectives are fairly new in public service for women. No types of work seem distasteful to women, except perhaps scrubbing and dishwashing. Statistics show that there are more professional women actually achieving careers like medicine, law, authorship and art than are employed today as domestic servants.

5. "Women Who Work" is one of the milestones of feminism. It proves to those who believe, not by faith, but by statistics, that breaking into the human race has been accomplished. One out of every five women in the United States is at work outside of the home. There are now 8,549,399 women who work in the United States; 1,135,948 in New York; and of those in this state only 135,252 are household servants. It may be that the lure of modern opportunity answers the question, "Where are the cooks of yesterday?" New Rep., Ag. 9, '22

Are You Alive?

Condensed from *The Nation*

Stuart Chase

The following paper raises a most interesting question for reflection.

There seems to be an ascending scale of values in life, and somewhere in this scale there is a line—probably a blurred one—below which one more or less “exists” and above which one more or less “lives.”

I HAVE often been perplexed by people who talk about “life.” Americans, they tell me, do not know how to live, but the French—ah, the French!—or the Hungarians, or the Poles, or the Patagonians. When I ask them what they mean by life they do not advance me an inch in my quest of the definition of life.

What does it mean to be alive, to live intensely? What do social prophets mean when they promise a new order of life? Obviously they cannot mean a new quality of life never before enjoyed by anyone, but rather an extension of vitality for the masses of mankind in those qualities of “life” which have hitherto been enjoyed only by a few individuals normally, or by large numbers of individuals rarely.

What is it which is enjoyed, and how is it to be shared more extensively. Can we hold life on a point for a moment while we examine it?

What, concretely, is this “awareness,” this “well-being?” I want in a rather personal way to tell you the facts as I have found them. I want to tell you when I think I live in contradistinction to when I think I “exist.” I want to make life very defi-

nite in terms of my own experience, for in matters of this nature about the only source of data one has is oneself. I do not know what life means to other people but I do know what it means to me, and I have worked out a method of measuring it.

I get out of bed in the morning, gulp coffee and headlines, demand to know where my raincoat is, start for the office—and so forth. These are the crude data. Take the days as they come, put a plus beside the living hours and a minus before the dead ones; find out just what makes the live ones live and the dead ones die. Can we catch the verihood of life in such an analysis? The poet will say no, but I am an accountant and only write poetry out of hours.

My notes show a classification of eleven states of being in which I feel I am alive, and five states in which I feel I only exist. These are major states, needless to say. In addition, I find scores of sub-states which are too obscure for me to analyze. The eleven “plus” reactions are these:

I seem to live when I am creating something—writing this article, for instance; making a sketch, working on an economic theory, building a bookshelf, making a speech.

Art certainly vitalizes me. A good novel, some poems, some pictures, operas, many beautiful buildings and particularly bridges affect me as though I took the artist's blood into my own veins. There are times, however, when a curtain falls over my perceptions which no artist can penetrate.

The mountains and the sea and stars—all the old subjects of a thousand poets—renew life in me.

As in the case of art, the process is not automatic—I hate the sea sometimes—but by and large, I feel the line of existence below me when I see these things.

Love is life, vital and intense. Very real to me also is the love one bears one's friends.

I live when I am stimulated by good conversation, good argument. There is a sort of vitality in just dealing in ideas that to me at least is very real.

I live when I am in the pressure of danger—rock-climbing, for example.

I feel very much alive in the presence of a genuine sorrow.

I live when I play—preferably out-of-doors. Such things as diving, swimming, skating, skiing, dancing, sometimes driving a motor, sometimes walking.

One lives when one takes food after genuine hunger, or when burying one's lips in a cool mountain spring after a long climb.

One lives when one sleeps. A sound healthy sleep after a day spent in out-of-doors gives one the feeling of a silent, whirring dynamo. In vivid dreams I am convinced one lives.

I live when I laugh—spontaneously and heartily.

In contradistinction to "living" I find five main states of "existence" as follows:

I exist when I am doing drudgery of any kind—adding up figures, washing dishes, answering most letters, attending to money matters, reading newspapers, shaving, dressing, riding on street cars, or up and down in elevators, buying things.

I exist when attending the average social function—a tea, a dinner, listening to dull people talk, discussing the weather.

Eating, drinking, or sleeping when one is already replete, when one's senses are dulled, are states

of existence, not life. For the most part I exist when I am ill.

Old scenes, old monotonous things—city walls, too familiar streets, houses, rooms, furniture, clothes—drive one to the existence level. Sheer ugliness, such as one sees in the stockyards or in a city slum, depress me intensely.

I retreat from life when I become angry. I exist through rows and misunderstandings and in the blind alleys of "getting even."

So, in a general way, I set life off from existence. It must be admitted of course that "living" is often a mental state quite independent of physical environment or occupation. One may feel—in springtime for instance—suddenly alive in old, monotonous surroundings. Then even dressing and dishwashing become eventful and one sings as one shaves. But these outbursts are on the whole abnormal. By and large there seems to be a definite cause for living and a definite cause for existing. So it is with me at any rate. I believe that I could deliberately "live" twice as much—in hours—as I do now, if only I would come out from under the chains of necessity—largely economic—which bind me.

I have indeed made some estimates of the actual time I have spent above and below the "existence" line. For instance, my notes show that in one week, of the 168 contained therein, I only "lived" about 40 of them, or 25 per cent of the total time. This allowed for some creative work, a Sunday's hike, some genuine hunger, some healthy sleep, a little stimulating reading, two acts of a play, part of a moving picture, and eight hours of interesting discussion with various friends.

It may be that the states of being which release life in me release it in most human beings. Generally speaking, one's salvation is bound closely with that of all mankind—the ratio of living, growing with that of the mass of one's fellow-men.

Natn., Jl. 19, '22

An Outline of Politics

Condensed from Collier's, the National Weekly

Earl Derr Biggers

"**T**OMORROW," I said thoughtfully, "is the Fourth of July. All over this broad land the fires of patriotism will blaze—"

"Nonsense," cut in my friend, the Washington correspondent, "Where's your war?"

"What war?"

"You can't have patriotism without war. When the bands are playing and the flags flying, and the guns booming—well then naturally—"

"There's such a thing as peace-time patriotism, too," I reminded him.

"Blat!" said he.

"How do you get that way?" I asked.

"Fifteen years in Washington. There she stands," he said, "the United States Treasury. And all over Washington tonight, in expensive hotel suites and in cheap little boarding-house rooms, men are sharpening their axes and looking over their burglar-kits. Laying their plans."

"Cynic," I replied. "I wouldn't have your point of view for a million dollars."

"Come with me," he said.

And these are some of the conversations I heard. . . .

"Say, if you work for a newspaper, I want you on my side. I'm from Bingo Valley, where the juiube mills are. We demand an import duty of three dollars a quart on all juiubes made in the pauper workrooms of Europe—"

"Ah, yes," said my friend. "And if you get it you won't, of course, raise juiube prices."

"Oh, no—of course not. That is—you needn't say anything about that. It may happen that we will be forced—conditions may make it necessary. And why not? Everybody else is

horning in—getting theirs. Bingo Valley wants hers." . . .

"Look here, maybe you can do something for me. I'm here looking for a job—a Government job. Forty years I've voted right, and it's time I cashed in. I've been a regular. The Government's rich. Now I want mine." . . .

"Just ran down to get a rebate on last years' income tax. Found the slickest little loophole you ever saw. Got a wonderful lawyer—he pointed it out to me. He's upstairs now. Come along and meet him." . . .

"Never heard of Bloomer County, I reckon. But you will, sir, you will. When Congress makes a seaport out of Bogg's Landing."

"Bogg's Landing," he explained, "is seven miles from the Gulf, on Willow River. All they got to do is buy up all this land, then widen the stream and dredge it—"

"Sounds expensive," remarked my friend.

"About thirty million, I figure it. But the Government's rich. And the advantages, sir—"

"Who owns the land they'd have to buy?"

"I do," said the Colonel. . . .

My friend met a Congressman, pacing nervously back and forth.

"Well, just between ourselves and not for publication, I am restless," said the congressman. "I can't figure it out."

"Big Federal job open in my district," he said. "Two men after it—Smith and Jones. Both of 'em are here in Washington, hounding the life out of me. I can't figure it—I don't know—"

"You don't know which is the better man?"

"Oh, no. I don't know which will bring me the most votes."

We left him in his agony and climbed the broad steps of the Capitol. There lay Washington, twinkling in the moonlight. Another stood there with us. A lanky man of middle age, staring at the city in a sort of awe, two huge, work-worn hands resting on the stone. Suddenly he turned to us.

"It's some sight, ain't it, gentlemen? I thought I was past the age of thrills, but I got one here tonight. Beautiful—that's the word for this city—beautiful. And when you think about what's behind it. You know, gentlemen, I've been planning this trip for years. Thinking about Washington, wishing I could come here, walk these streets, just stand here like tonight. Well, I got my wish now and I can go home tomorrow happy. I've done this town from end to end. And Mount Vernon, I was out there this morning. Say—he was a gentleman, wasn't he—Washington. A real gentleman. I got that feeling about him, somehow, when I was walking through his rooms and standing on that front porch of his. Pretty big man, he was. And Lincoln. That Memorial sort of—sort of choked me. Funny thing about Lincoln, I never even seen him, but I've always felt like I knowed him well. I feel that way more than ever now since I've walked these streets where he walked and stood in the room where he died."

My friend moved nearer to him. "You just came here to see the town," he said, gently. "You didn't come to ask for something? Some favor, I mean?"

The other stared at him curiously. "Me? Why no—I ain't asking for no favors. I'm just one of the little fellows. I wouldn't bother these big men down here—they got troubles enough, I guess. And I reckon they do the best they can."

"The little fellows," my friend repeated.

"Sure. There's a lot of us, too. We just go on about our business, and the

big men argue and decide, and then it's up to us to do what they say. To pay with the work of our hands and sometimes—with our boys."

When we were back on the avenue my friend said:

"I've just been thinking—that's peacetime patriotism, isn't it? A negative virtue, perhaps—but glorious for all that. Not asking anything for yourself at the expense of your fellows. And he said there were lots like him."

"There are millions," I answered. "The trouble with you is you've been in Washington so long you've forgotten what your country's like. Millions and millions—the little fellows. In the wheat fields and the factories and the mines—in the deserts and on the mountains—crowded into the cities. It's a whale of a country, and these people are everywhere. Just going on about their business, bothering nobody, paying without question when the time comes." An idea struck me. "By heaven—if they could organize—these little fellows. Organize and send their spokesman here. No wonder our representatives go wrong, with all these selfish beasts forever hanging onto their coat tails, screaming that the country wants this and the country wants that. If the little fellows could only make themselves heard! Ride in here and drive all these self-seekers out. Ride in and say: 'Now listen to us. To the little fellows. Ours is the voice of the people!'"

"Dream on," said my friend. "It's pretty, but it won't come true. Much as I'd like to see it." We walked along. "Anyway, I got a story," he added. "A Big story. I'm going to do an interview with that old boy. I think I'll write the headlines, too. 'Patriotic Revival on Capitol Hill. Unexpected Appearance of a Citizen of the Republic Asking Nothing for Himself.' It sounds like front-page stuff to me."

Coll. Wkly., Jl. 8, '22.

The Russian Revolution

Abstracted from the Political Science Quarterly

Jerome Davis

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1. Bolsheviks abandoning all their early positions.
 2. Revolutionary measures natural reaction from Tsar's tyranny.
 3. Try to understand, rather than denounce, the Bolsheviks.
 4. Two lessons from the revolution.
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AFTER the revolution the Bolsheviks, who were far more like the common people in their thinking than any of the intellectuals of the Temporary Government, won over the majority of the soldiers, workingmen and peasants, with their slogan, "Peace, Land and Bread." It was but natural that they should seize control.

Lenin started immediately to apply the communistic theories he had been preaching all his life. The banks were seized and nationalized. The factories were turned over to the workers, and the workers were urged to expropriate the land. Lenin took immediate steps to stop the war, which was unpopular. It is only fair to say, however, that when Germany insisted on an outrageous peace treaty, he considered renewing the fight. Indeed, he made an offer to oppose ratification of the treaty, provided England and America would pledge Russia their support. No answer was ever received from the Allied governments and the peace was made.

All power had been given to the soviets of soldiers, workers and peasants as soon as the Bolsheviks took control. It was inevitable that they

should gradually apply the same autocratic methods that the Tsar had used. Thus the Bolsheviks adopted censorship of the press and built up a very effective secret organization along the lines of the Tsar's spy system. In two years, according to its own record, it suppressed 344 revolts and shot over 8,000 people.

The Bolsheviks broke down the iron-clad compartments which had separated the ruling classes from the masses. In the first place, each racial group in the population was given the right to form a separate state. All of these were then federated into the Soviet Republic. The propertied classes were made propertyless, so that they soon found themselves working side by side with peasants and workers. Today scores of them testify that they never understood what it was to be a peasant and go hungry until they themselves had felt the pangs of hunger.

As has always happened in any government in which socialists have attempted to apply their theories in large doses, production falls off and mere existence becomes most difficult for the common people. The peasants were tired of war and revolution. They cared not who was in power, provided they could have their land, till the soil, and secure the goods they needed. But necessities became so scarce that the Bolsheviks could not furnish a sufficient amount for their own departments. Let any socialist suddenly be given power, if he holds his position long enough, he will be acting quite differently from his course at the start.

Ever since the Bolsheviks took control, step by step, they have been abandoning their earliest positions. First, Lenin advocated a uniform

wage rate for all. Today, he is paying the workers according to an output test. He began by urging the confiscation of all factories and their management by the workers. Today, Lenin wants capitalists of Europe to come in and run his industries.

Lenin compelled the peasants to yield all their products to the state. Today there is practically private ownership in land, subject to redistribution by the villages, and the peasants sell their products after paying a tax to the government. Lenin has used the incentive to private property to induce increased production. A co-operative brotherhood of individuals working without the spirit of monetary gain for the benefit of all, still remains a dream in Russia.

Last winter almost everything in Russia was free to the people—street cars, electric light, train travel, food, all were given out by the government. The system has been abandoned. Lenin first confiscated all but meagre bank accounts. Today unlimited deposits are permissible.

2. In all these respects we have logical reactions from an autocratic Tsar's regime. Once the Tsar's despotic system had broken down, it was almost inevitable that the extreme elements of the revolutionary party should secure control. Those in power were warped by harsh experiences under the Tsar. There are only 2 of the 18 People's Commissioners who have not served a jail sentence under the Tsar's regime for a political offense, and several of them have been sentenced as many as seven times. In the Moscow Soviet, which yields more influence than any other, in February, 1920, out of 1,532 representatives, 24 per cent had been tried for political activity and 19 per cent had been imprisoned. These men were the products of Tsaristic aggression, and as they came to put their theories to the test, soon saw that they could not long remain in power unless they could secure sufficient production to meet the needs of the people. All human effort has been guided by trial and error, so today we find that the Bolsheviks, ex-

cept for desire for world revolution, are rapidly approaching the other nations of Europe in their methods.

3. The Bolsheviks have been treated to a mass of denunciation and hatred by the press of the world. In reality the Bolsheviks are as much the victims of their social environment as is a chemical compound the result of the elements of which it is composed. What scientist would dare assert that had he been one of a group whose liberties and initiative were curbed and suppressed by a Tsar's tyranny, he himself might not now be in the Bolshevik ranks? Instead of centering our denunciations on the Bolsheviks themselves, we should rather have tried to understand what produced them.

4. One lesson which the Bolshevik revolution teaches is that wherever 90 or more per cent of the people are separated from the governing classes by walls of social custom, economic privilege and life experience, there must be the possibility of social explosion. In the United States we see the faint beginning of such a situation. In our great business processes, the iron and steel industry, we have over 100,000 workers, cut off from their masters, and their ignorance of each other is astounding.

Another lesson is this: if we isolate Russia, blockade her and refuse to have anything to do with her people there will be mutual and growing misunderstanding. But if we encourage the exchange of goods, send in our technical experts, provide food relief and educational help, we shall break down suspicion and misinformation and help to make the American and Russian people more tolerant of each other.

If the Bolsheviks change their theories to meet the needs of the situation, they may retain the government for a period of years. How far they progress depends on how actively they push education, and insure justice and individual initiative. The future in Russia for a long time to come may be one of slow evolution rather than dangerous revolution. Pol. Sci. Quar., Je. '22

Bonds Beneath the Sea: The Cables

Condensed from The Mentor

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1. Ocean cables only 51 years old.
 2. Cable once considered a swindle.
 3. Field's repeated failures.
 4. First Atlantic cable soon ceased to work.
 5. How success was finally achieved.
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IT is difficult to realize today, when sailors in mid-ocean are linked by radio to their own firesides, that the first transatlantic cable was laid within the memory of many people now living. Before this event, news from Europe was nearly two weeks old when it arrived. The last land battle in the American War of 1812 was fought fifteen days after a treaty of peace with Great Britain had been signed!

The first transatlantic cable was laid in 1858, but the project was launched some years earlier. In 1842 Professor Samuel Morse laid a telegraph line on the bottom of the New York Harbor, and the result of the experiment convinced the inventor that a transatlantic electric telegraph was feasible. In 1845 efforts were made in England to form a cable-laying company. No progress was made, however, until 1847 when a German devised a method of coating wire with gutta-percha. It is not elastic, is an almost perfect non-conductor of electricity, and does not deteriorate in sea water.

2. The first permanent submarine cable was laid under the English Channel, between Dover and Calais, in 1851. The public thought it a gigantic swindle. It was believed that

signalling consisted of pulling a wire after the manner of the old-fashioned house bell! But within the next few years several cables were laid, and they ceased to be a novelty.

3. In 1853, Lt. O. H. Berryman of the United States Navy carried a line of deep-sea soundings across the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Ireland. He found the ocean floor to be comparatively level, and free from strong currents. The average depth of the water was about two miles. This gave great impetus to the idea of transatlantic cable. The first step in the actual building of the cable was taken by an English engineer, F. M. Gisborne. He proposed to run fast steamers between Newfoundland and Ireland. The messages were then to be relayed between Newfoundland and the American mainland by carrier pigeons.

While in New York attempting to raise money, Gisborne met Cyrus W. Field, a prominent American merchant. When he heard of Gisborne's plan he was fired with the more ambitious project of building a submarine cable line across the Atlantic.

In 1856 Field visited England, and there organized the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. The British public quickly supplied the necessary capital. But Field's next 12 years were filled with hardship and repeated failure. Sixty-four times he crossed the ocean, suffering seasickness each time! He succeeded in winning the co-operation of the British and American governments. The U. S. S. "Niagara," the largest steam frigate in the world, the "Agamemnon," one of the finest British battleships, and a number of other naval vessels were assigned to the work. Two thousand five hundred miles of cable were manufactured in England, and stowed

on board the two warships. The Irish end was landed August 5, 1857, and the "Niagara" started westward with the cable. Several nights later, when the cable was running out too fast, the brakes were applied too firmly, and the cable parted, 335 miles from shore. No more could be done that year.

Undaunted, Field and his associates made elaborate preparations for the second attempt. This time the two halves of the cable were spliced in mid-ocean. Afterward, the "Niagara" steamed toward Newfoundland, while the "Agamemnon" pointed her bow toward Ireland. Twice the cable broke, and twice it was respliced. It broke a third time, when the ships were 300 miles apart, and the party returned to Ireland.

4. A month later a third attempt was made, when the two ends of the cable were safely landed on opposite sides of the ocean on August 5, 1858. Field telegraphed the joyful news to the press. "And never did the tidings of any great achievement—whether in war or peace—more truly electrify a nation," he writes in his "Story of the Atlantic Telegraph." Celebrations were held in England and America. The first regular messages were exchanged between President Buchanan and Queen Victoria. Then the rejoicing was cut short by the news that the cable had ceased to work! Its total life was barely four weeks, and it had carried only 400 messages. A current too strong for the cable had been used, and the insulation was ruined. The line had lived long enough, however, to demonstrate its immense value. A single message, countermanding orders for the sailing of two British regiments from Canada to England, saved the British Government a quarter of a million dollars.

5. For the next seven years no further attempt was made to lay a cable across the Atlantic, but several long submarine cables were laid in other parts of the world, and much valuable experience gained. Then, in 1865, Field made another effort, again

financed by British capitalists. This time the cable was nearly twice as heavy as before, and the whole of it, weighing nearly 4,000 tons, was taken aboard a single vessel, the "Great Eastern," the largest vessel in the world. One thousand miles out, the cable parted, and its end was lost in a depth of about two miles.

Success came at last in 1866. The "Great Eastern" set forth again with a new cable, and successfully completed her work, on July 25, 1866. To-day there are 17 cables across the North Atlantic; altogether, throughout the oceans of the world, there are 250,000 miles of cable.

Very feeble currents are used in cabling as compared to those used in land telegraphy. Signals have been sent across the ocean and back with the current generated in a woman's thimble!

A modern submarine cable consists of a central conductor of copper wire surrounded by a thick layer of gutta-percha, around which is a sheathing of iron and steel wire, which, in turn, is enclosed in a jute wrapping. A layer of brass tape is often placed just outside of the gutta-percha to prevent ship worms from boring into the cable. The steel wire protects the cable from mechanical injury. Mentor, Jl. '22

The August issue of *The Mentor* appears with a new cover, larger pages and illustrations, finer paper, and other printing features that assure a richer effect. It is a magazine of unusual value in interesting reading matter and beautiful pictures. The leading features of the August issue are: "Some Famous Vagabonds," by Frederick O'Brien, and "The Spirit of Spain," by John Dos Passos. Other articles of interest are: "The Prince of Potters," "The Oberammergau Passion Play," "A Wonder-Working Element," and "What We Really Know About Mars."

The Garden

Condensed from *The Forum*

James Hamblen Sears

1. Distorted flowers of history.
2. The golden glow and Michael Angelo.
3. The War of the Roses.
4. A difficult problem.
5. Acquiring philosophy in a garden.

THERE is a garden near town, divided into two parts, the whole surrounded by a wall. One section is full of flowers. The other is covered with rugs, and on the walls are shelves. It is full of other flowers—history, biography, fiction, poetry, science. You can pass easily from one part to the other, through a glass door in the partition that separates the two parts. In the warm sunshine you can dig the fingers of your hands into the earth and pull up foolish weeds. In the cold days you can dig the fingers of your mind into the books on the shelves and watch the flowers of the ages develop and bloom in your own mental soil.

Sometimes the resident of the garden gazes at the beautiful blossoms and wonders how on earth they grow and develop from the seed set in the ground. Sometimes he sits on the other side of the wall and gazes upon the books and wonders how they grew from an idea conceived in the minds of their writers. Both keep him from unhappiness and from the jumble that goes on outside the walls.

Here is a vigorous peony which spreads all over the place, and under it is a root of larkspur trying to get a place in the sun. It bends sideways, and after a fierce struggle distorted stem blossoms into flower often

more perfect in color because of the concentration of the whole plant in a single stem.

It is interesting to discover the same thing among the flowers of history. Think of Henley distorted by decree of nature at birth. He spent months in hospitals, trying hard, hoping against hope, to get well. And lying there he wrote,

"In the full clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud." He struggled all his life through, and in the end his crippled stem brought forth flowers that hold their high place in the garden of verse. There, too, is Robert Stevenson wandering over the earth in search of some climate that would let him breathe, lying in bed in Scotland, in the Adirondacks, in the South Seas, and writing that we should all be as happy as kings because the world is so full, writing the most genial philosophy that we now read again and again.

2. Then there is the golden glow, tall and stiff and straight, pushing other plants aside, and working its way up to an appalling height, no matter what the soil, the weather or the surrounding growth.

It reminds me of Michael Angelo. His father, like many another father, was a weaver. He tried to make the boy a weaver, since he needed the wages to help out the family exchequer. But, Michael went on drawing and modelling until, as Vasari says, "he was beaten by his father and other elders."

Today the name of his family is of no importance whatever, but little Mike is fairly familiar to something over half the people of the earth, and has been for nearly 500 years. He began to cut in marble and broke the rules and laws of sculpture to such an

extent that everybody laughed at him. He cut up dead bodies to see how the muscles worked.

And when he had made a greater success of sculpture than anyone of his own or any other day, Bramante, becoming jealous because he feared the competition of the sculptor, went to the Pope and suggested that Michael Angelo be ordered to paint the ceiling in the new chapel of the Vatican. So at the age of 34 Michael Angelo changed to painting and executed the greatest piece of art ever seen upon this earth. He even invented a new kind of scaffolding for the work which is used to this day.

Having at the age of 50 or more, beaten everybody in both sculpture and painting, he took to architecture and was put in charge of the rebuilding of St. Peter's in Rome and some of the palaces in Florence. Thereupon he became the leading architect of his era. Not satisfied with having reached the top of three of the arts, he became a military engineer and planned and constructed the fortifications of Florence, which withstood a siege or two. In between times he wrote poetry of a high order; and finally, at the age of ninety, still painting, sculpturing and architecturing—still going strong—he died, leaving the impression that he had only just begun.

3. A little vine that cannot stand alone winds its way up the stiff stem of the larkspur and soon has bent over the stronger plant. Is it Cleopatra keeping Antony from the wars? Is the vine always the female and the stout stalk the male? Yet there seems to be no plant of consequence in either part of the garden that is not attracted by something. The rose bugs sweep out of the East led by some At-

tila and sweep with fire and sword across the roses. And then the birds form a Holy Alliance with the roses and attack the bugs in this little War of the Roses in the garden. The resident's heart warms to the birds. We should be overcome by the insect Huns if it were not for these defenders of the civilization of Flowerdom.

4. And yet, if Attila and the others had not invaded Europe, we should be a pretty slothful and effete lot by this time. And if the rose bugs left the roses alone, they might lose their charm and fragrance just from lack of pep. Perhaps if Michael Angelo's father and elders had not beaten him he would not have kept his pep and blossomed into such an amazing flower. It is a difficult problem.

5. It is an interesting thing to be a resident of a garden. It not only serves as a change from the daily round, but it comes to be an object in life on its own account. It suggests how interesting it must be to the Great Resident of the Garden of the World to watch all these plants of the different animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms fight and struggle, come up or go under, thrive or perish, as the case may be. No doubt in that as in other things there is the temptation to interfere and root up the cruel and the selfish, to straighten out some things. Perhaps it is done sometimes, as in the case of that annual plant of 500 years, that had been growing ranker and that is known as the Hohenzollern Family.

So the little garden brings forth almost daily something new and amusing, something worth while and keeps its resident a little nearer sanity than he might otherwise remain.
Forum, Ag. '22

"While I think the Digest is very good, I find it to be just one more thing to read for which I don't find time."

The person who "hasn't time to read" should peruse Arnold Bennett's "How to Live on 24 Hours a Day," which was summarized in The Digest for March. Not to feed the mind regularly is to miss half the joy of living. For there is happiness in knowledge.

The I. W. W. Menace Self-Revealed

Abstracted from Current History, published by the New York Times

Harry Hirschman, LL.D.

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1. Pernicious, revolutionary doctrines.
 2. Many forms of sabotage taught.
 3. A general strike on the program.
 4. Any tactics justifiable.
 5. The menace in the acceptance of I. W. W. teachings by others.
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"ALL this talk of the I. W. W. and of Bolshevism in America is only monshine."

If you are one of those who think so, read newspaper accounts during the harvest of 1921 of two ex-service men who were killed because they defied the I. W. W., who tried to control the wheat fields of the Dakotas. Or read recent testimony showing that I. W. W. members in increasing numbers are joining the crews of American vessels. Or read of the activities of the reds in the coal regions. Or go back to the most execrable I. W. W. deed of recent years, the shooting at Centralia, Wash., when three ex-service men were shot down on the street like dogs, three others wounded, and another killed a few minutes later while pursuing a fleeing I. W. W.

The Preamble of the I. W. W. constitution says:

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

The Reader's Digest

We are plainly notified in the I. W. W. literature that at the time of the revolution the destruction of capitalism will be accomplished by the violent seizure of the property we now own. Agricultural workers are to seize the farms. The miners are to take possession of the mines, the railroad workers of the railroads, the timber workers of the timber and the mills, and so on. The workers alone will own, manage and control the industries and natural resources of the country.

The I. W. W. would give us the same "industrial communism" that has been a blight on Russia. One I. W. W. agitator expressed it thus when J. J. Hill was living:

Some fine morning, Jim Hill will come down to his office and find the I. W. W. Committee in charge. "What are you bums doing here?" he will ask; and they will answer him, "We've taken over the Great Northern Railroad." Finally Jim will ask, "What am I supposed to do?" And they'll answer him, "We don't want you to starve. So we've decided to give you a job—you shall work on the section between St Paul and Minneapolis."

His hearers were instantly on their feet, cheering, whistling and shouting for some minutes.

Vincent St. John, for many years Secretary of the I. W. W. and now in Leavenworth penitentiary, says in his book:

All activities furthering our program must necessarily be revolutionary and beyond the "law." In short the I. W. W. advocates the use of militant direct action tactics to the full extent of our power.

2. One type of "direct action" is sabotage. The word comes from the French "sabot," or wooden shoe, and came into use in a time when French workmen took off their wooden shoes and stuck them into the silk looms. Today it means slackening on the job, doing poor work, damaging property,

etc. One I. W. W. writer defines it: "The conscious withdrawal of the worker's efficiency."

Examples of sabotage are plentiful. During the war, for instance, it was not an uncommon thing in the spruce districts of the Northwest to have logs reach the saws with spikes driven into them so cleverly that their presence was not detected. Then again vital parts were removed from machinery used in logging and thrown into streams, involving serious delays. Putting emery dust into the bearings of expensive machines was a favorite practice in mining camps in war time; and in the harvest field, the blowing up of machines and burning of crops.

Printed cards suggesting ways of practicing sabotage are distributed by the I. W. W. and some of their official songs are fruitful in suggestions.

One I. W. W. writer, W. C. Smith, says:

Sabotage is the destruction of profits. It may mean damaging raw materials, spoiling a finished product, damaging machinery; or it may mean working slow; poor work; giving overweight to customers; misshipping packages, using the best materials where the employer desires adulteration and also the telling of trade secrets. In fact it has as many variations as there are different lines of work.

Perry's pamphlet, "The Revolutionary I. W. W.," contains this:

3. We will demand more and more wages from our employers and enforce shorter and shorter hours, thus diminishing the profits of the boss, and taking away his power. We are gaining that power for ourselves. All the time we become more disciplined. We become more self-confident. We realize that without our labor no wealth can be produced. We fold arms. The mills close. We then make our proposition to our former masters.

In other words, the general strike is to be the beginning of the revolution. That strike will be used to starve and coerce society into submission to the new communistic regime.

4. Joseph J. Etton wrote this while in jail in Lawrence, Mass.:

New conceptions of right and wrong must generate and permeate the workers. We must look upon actions and conduct that advance the economic position of the working class as right, ethically, le-

gally, religiously, socially—by every measurement.

And St. John says:

We aim to use any and all tactics that will get the results sought. The question of right or wrong does not concern us.

The I. W. W. is more than a labor problem; it is a moral issue that conscripts us to fight for the preservation of the moral sense, to save honor and virtue from being destroyed in the hearts of American workmen.

Turning again to Perry, we find this:

Ours is an international movement. We are patriotic for our class, the working class. As workers we have no country. The flags and symbols that once meant great things to us have been seized by our employers. Today they mean naught to us but oppression and tyranny.

It is well known, of course, that the I. W. W. did everything in its power to hinder the winning of the war. Their contempt was shown hundreds of times in their halls by the use of one of the songs in their official song book. It is a parody on the hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and its purpose was to heap derision on every man who wore the American uniform. It is too vile and too sacrilegious to reproduce, but it shows that I. W. W.-ism means, "No master, no country, and no God."

The menace lies not in the organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World; it lies in the possible acceptance of its teachings, more or less unconsciously, by other workers and other organizations who fail to understand the real scope and purport of these doctrines. Fully realizing this, the I. W. W. are now "boring from the inside" and working under some other guise than their own. They are more dangerous thus than when they boldly proclaim themselves.

Viewed from any sane standpoint, I. W. W.-ism is a virulent thing, with which every American ought to be familiar. To meet it, we must understand it. To contend with it we must be armed with knowledge. For indifference never preserved an ideal and ignorance never gave birth to progress.

Cur. Hist., Ag. '22

The Scenery of the United States

Excerpts from *The National Geographic Magazine*

James Bryce (*Viscount Bryce*)

Viscount Bryce visited, and mentions in his article, all the points of greatest scenic interest in the United States. The following extracts, however, are the most suggestive of his observations.

EVERYTHING in America is on a great scale, as great as that of Asia, far greater than that of Europe. The American rivers are of immense length and volume. The lakes are, with the exception of the Caspian, the largest in the world. America's mountain ranges exceed those of Asia, the Rocky Mountains being more than 2,500 miles in length, as against the Himalayas of about 1,500.

This vast scale gives a large number of places in which such beauty as rivers and mountains display can be enjoyed, but it does not necessarily mean more beauty. That depends upon other factors, the chief of which are fineness of form and richness of color.

Mountains, lakes and rivers are the three features of scenery which most contribute to natural beauty, and of these three, mountains are the most important, the quality of river scenery and lake scenery depending mainly on the character of their banks, whether these be low and monotonous or bold and varied.

The volume of rivers, however, does have a grandeur of its own apart from the land through which they run. The two greatest American rivers, the Mississippi (including its chief affluents) and the St. Lawrence, have this grandeur. One cannot look

upon either of these mighty streams without being awed by the prodigious force that dwells in their currents. Only the Yangtze has a like air of majesty and of resistless power, and this may be due to the sense that it is more closely associated with human life, because no other river bears so many vessels.

Mountains count for the most, not because there is not just as much genuine beauty to be found among soft hills and rolling pastures and along the banks of streams in wooded dales, but because size is an element in grandeur, and grandeur impresses those who are insensible to the gentler charms of landscape.

The highest peaks are found in Colorado, where about 40 exceed 14,000 feet, but none seem to reach 14,500. This uniformity of elevation makes them less interesting than might be expected from their height, while the dryness of the climate prevents accumulations of snow sufficient to feed glaciers. Few have forms sufficiently noble and peculiar to give them individuality, such as is found in the Alps.

However, the Colorado Rockies have one feature of unsurpassed grandeur. The deep gorges which intersect the mountains have sometimes a grandeur and sometimes a picturesque variety of views up and down the winding ravine unsurpassed in any part of the Western Hemisphere. The Royal Gorge is the most tremendous, but there are others hardly less wildly grand.

The region north of the Canadian Pacific Railway resembles that of the Alps more nearly than does any other part of North America.

Seen from the western coast of Puget Sound, Mt. Rainier is a truly mag-

nificent object, towering to a height of 14,408 feet, with glittering glaciers streaming down its slopes till they almost touch the thick dark forest beneath—a vast forest in which nearly every tree rises 300 feet into the air.

These superb evergreen conifers, along with the "Big Trees" of California, the thickest-stemmed trees in the world, are the glory of the Pacific Coast, not only in size but also in the stateliness of their aspect, far transcending any trees of Europe, and approached only by a few in Australia, South America, or India.

On the Atlantic side, we find another type of scenery with its own peculiar charms, less sensational, but not less enjoyable by those who know how to enjoy.

The slopes of the Appalachian mountains are seldom precipitous, for this whole region has been worn down by the huge glaciers which formerly covered it. It is rather in the valleys that the characteristic charm of New England scenery is to be found. The villages are pretty, despite the unlovely frame houses, for elms, more graceful than are the elms of England, and stately maples line the streets and lanes. Every house has its wide, well-kept grass plot, and the whole village seems to swim in verdure.

The supreme charm of East American scenery is to be enjoyed only during six weeks in the year, from the beginning of October to the middle of November, during the "Indian Summer," a season scarcely known to Europe except in Middle Italy and Greece.

The latter part of the fall gives to the woods a wealth of brilliant color nowhere to be found in the Old World, unless perhaps in Korea and Japan. It is chiefly in the maples that these colors are found, for they turn to superb crimsons and scarlets, but they are seconded by the many-tinted yellows of beech and birch, while white pines, with their deep green, present a contrast against which the maples

glow all the more vivid. To see these colors is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. The hillsides seem ablaze with them, a piece of Nature's most exquisite handiwork, yet they are not violent or crude, no more than the finest Persian rug.

The American deserts are more beautiful than those which I have seen on any of the other continents. The desert mountain peaks, mostly standing detached and visible at long distances in the extraordinarily dry, clear air, give a striking impression of remoteness and lonely immensity. Combined with this, the peculiar charm of the desert lies in the most tender and delicate tints of color. In Arizona especially the varieties of rock and the inequalities of surface, scattering patches of light and shadow over the expanse, give corresponding varieties of hue, so there is no monotony, not even at high noon, when other deserts have a uniform glare.

But it is when the sun dips toward the horizon that the magic of light has its most perfect work, bringing out a whole range of vivid tints, passing by faint gradations from pink to crimson, to purple, to violet.

Every stone seems to glow like a jewel before it dies into darkness as the sun departs, while the distant violets of a limestone cliff turn to the gray of twilight.

The Grand Canyon, 6,000 feet deep, 12 miles wide, is a unique wonder of the world. Such a display of rock colors is seen nowhere else in the world. Why this deep hole should inspire more wonder and awe than the loftiest snow mountain or greatest waterfall I do not know. But it does. The vastness and the changelessness create a sense of solemn silence. This silence is the most awesome thing. The eternal steadfastness and rigidity of the colors grasp and seem to hypnotize the beholder.

In richness of colors, whether we think of the autumn woods of Maine or the rocks of the Western Canyons, America is pre-eminent.
Nat. Geog., Ap. '22

Every Man With His Ax

Abridged from Harper's Magazine

Mark Twain

From "Unpublished Chapters of the Autobiography of Mark Twain."

1. We are all beggars.
 2. Never convey the ax yourself.
 3. Finding meat between the lines.
 4. Compliments seldom given away, yet—
 5. Benevolences of first benefit to ourselves.
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THE coat-of-arms of the human race ought to consist of a man with an ax on his shoulder proceeding toward a grindstone. Or, it ought to represent several members of the human race holding out the hat to each other. For we are all beggars. Each in his own way. One beggar is too proud to beg for pennies, but will beg a loan of dollars, knowing he can't repay; another will not beg a loan, but will beg for a postmastership; another will beg for an introduction into "society"; one, being rich, will beg a pass off the railroad company; his neighbor, in social converse with a lawyer will place before him a supposititious case in the hope of getting an opinion out of him for nothing.

Certainly no human being is without some form of mendicancy. To every man cometh, at intervals, a man with an ax to grind. If you are the governor, you know that this stranger wants a position. The first six times the ax came, you were deceived. The bearer of it poured out such noble praise of you that you were thankful that you had lived to have this happiness; then the stran-

ger disclosed his ax and his real motive in coming and applauding. Six repetitions are sure to cure you. After that (if you are not a candidate for re-election) you interrupt the compliments and say—

"Yes, yes, never mind about that; what is it you want?"

No matter how big or how little your place in life may be, you have a grindstone, and people will bring axes to you. None escapes.

Also, you are in the business yourself. You privately rage at the man who brings his ax to you, but every now and then you carry yours to somebody and ask a whet. I don't carry mine to strangers, I draw the line there; perhaps that is your way. This is bound to set us up on a high and holy pinnacle and make us look down in cold rebuke upon persons who carry their axes to strangers.

Let us recognize it and confess it—we are all beggars; hence we are all concerned to plan out the best way to approach a person's grindstone; a way which shall as nearly as possible avoid offensiveness, a way which shall best promise to secure a grinding for the ax. How would this plan answer:

2. *Never convey the ax yourself*; send it by another stranger; or by your friend, or by the grindstone-man's friend; or by a person who is friend to both of you.

Of course this last is best. You see, when you dispatch the ax yourself (as when a new author writes that he is sending his book to me to read), you are making one thing absolutely certain; the grindstone-man will have a prejudice against it, before he has even looked at it. Because you have tied his hands, you have not left him independent, he

feels cornered, and he frets at this, he resents as an impertinence your taking this unfair advantage of him, and he is right. He knows you mean to take a mean advantage of him—with all your clumsy arts you have not deceived him. He knows you framed your letter with deliberation, to a distinct end: to compel an answer. You have paid him homage, by all the laws of courtesy he has got to pay for it, and pay for it in thanks and return-compliments.

3. To send one's book to strangers is to beg for a puff—it has that object, whether the object is confessed in words or not. Since that is not my form of soliciting alms, I look down upon it with a polar disdain. The first time a stranger ever sent me his book I was as pleased as a child, and I took all the compliments at par. I didn't read between the lines. However, as time went on I became an expert on invisibles, and could find more meat between the lines than anywhere else.

4. Compliments are not often given away. A return is expected. When an audience applauds, if the applause is not in some way acknowledged (by a bow, or smile, for instance) the audience will withdraw its trade, there and then. When a beautiful girl catches a compliment in our eye, she pays spot cash for it with a dear little blush. We did not know we were expecting pay, but if she should flash offended dignity at us, instead of that little blush, we should then know better. But in truth, compliments are sometimes actually *given* away, and no bill presented. I received a most lovely letter once, glowing with felicitous praises—and there was *no name signed, and no address!*

Whenever a stranger tags his compliment with his name and address it stands for C. O. D. He may not de-

liberately intend it to, but that is because he has not the habit of searching his motives to the bottom. And that is wise in its way, for the most of one's motives are best concealed from oneself. I know that by close examination of my own.

When a stranger sends me his book, he is aware that he is begging. And not for a candid opinion of his book, but for a puff. One of two things he always puts in: 1, he admires you; 2, you probably asked and received help and encouragement yourself when you were a beginner. It is a curious absence of tact. He wants a gratuity of you, and prepares the way by putting the thing to you as an obligation—it's your duty to grant it. We resent having strangers dictate our duties to us.

5. I am built as are other people, and prize a good hearty compliment above rubies. But when a man goes beyond compliment, I am humiliated. Adulation, adulation—never earned; never due, to any human being. What a king must suffer! For he knows deep down in his heart, that he is a poor, cheap, wormy thing like the rest of us, a sarcasm, the Creator's prime miscarriage in inventions, the moral inferior of all the animals, the inferior of each one of them all in one gift only—and that one not up to his estimation of it—intellect.

But, mayhap, when a stranger sends me his book, I will not be able to put the book down until I have finished it. And I write and confess this fact to the author—because I get more peace for my spirit out of doing it than out of leaving it undone. Were you thinking I do it to give the author pleasure? I do—only at second hand. We do no benevolences whose first benefit is not for ourselves.

Harp. M., Ag. '22.

How much time would you spend each month in searching through the many magazines to find material of equivalent interest and value to that found in compact form in each issue of *The Digest*?

In what other way can you enlarge your mental horizon?

Viewpoints

Time

Brazil is about to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of her independence. It is interesting to think that we, the first of the large modern republics, are in independent government only 46 years older than our sister in South America. Perhaps before long new democratic forms in industry will spread as rapidly as shifting of political power has taken place in the last century and a half.

When we measure changes in social institutions, we must remember how short is written history. We think of Jesus of Nazareth as living long ago. If you take a man of the age of Charles William Eliot, Chauncey Depew, or Uncle Joe Cannon, how many such lives would lead back to Jesus? Put 22 such lives, preceding the birth of these three Americans, and the first in the chain would have been in old age at the Crucifixion. Norman Hapgood in *Hearst's International*, Ag. '22

Misdirected Philanthropy

Taken by and large, the rich man's greatest opportunity for public service lies inside his private business, rather than in philanthropy outside business. I have often thought of the case of Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie, when he reached the zenith of his power, sold out and spent the rest of his life in so-called "public work." He endowed libraries, built peace palaces, and enjoyed a wide-spread reputation as a distinguished servant of the common good. I wish Mr. Carnegie had possessed the requisite imagination to see that in his steel industry he possessed a remarkable social laboratory under his immediate control—a laboratory in which he might have helped the nation to experiment its way toward some solution of the vexed problem of industrial relations. I cannot but feel that

had he spent his money and his energy in this fashion there would now stand to his credit something far more satisfying than the cobwebs that have been spun across the entrance to his peace palace at The Hague.

Glenn Frank, in *The Century Magazine*, Ag. '22

Let Us Tidy Our Cities

Just as the neatness and cleanness of one's personal appearance is an indication of character, so the physical appearance of a city's streets gives a pretty clear insight into the city's composite character. A fine avenue littered with filth and rubbish means nothing except bad citizenship. It betrays the absence of that spirit of co-operation which is the essence of good government. A man who has so little respect for his associated citizens as to strew the highway with papers and general refuse does not possess that "social conscience" which brings important results in more important matters.

Anyone who has watched American cities for 25 years knows that men and women develop a municipal responsibility much more rapidly than is commonly supposed. Twenty-five years ago few Americans hesitated to spit in public places or public conveyances. The inhibition that has developed in respect to this vice shows how rapidly personal habits can be improved. The day will probably come when the average citizen will be as careful about dropping his newspaper in the street as he is now about spitting in a street car.

But there is much opportunity for missionary zeal. Nothing would more eloquently portray the perfection of civic conscience than an unlittered city park on Monday morning.

The World's Work, Ag. '22

British-American Relations

A distinct improvement in British-American relations has been evident recently. Developments in Europe have forced the attention of both the British and American peoples upon the fact that, different in many superficial details, as they may be, they are more like each other than either is like any other nation in the world. Since the war Americans know, as they never knew before, what is an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, an Italian, and the result is that Uncle Sam finds that John Bull is considerably more like himself than any of the others. Consequently the two nations have felt themselves subtly coming together. That the solution of the difficulties now assailing mankind is the responsibility of these two peoples is a fact that is penetrating their consciousness, slowly perhaps and yet definitely. Mr. Taft's recent visit has had the effect of showing Englishmen that an American of the finest type is, after all, much like an Englishman of the same class, and thus has had the effect of bringing closer the day when the two nations may work more closely together for the salvation of the world.

The chief business of an ambassador, after all, is to promote cordiality; and Mr. Taft simply radiates international sympathy. It is true that Mr. Taft was not an ambassador; that he went to England to study phases of English law; yet the real usefulness of his visit has been as a messenger of good-will. *The World's Work*, Ag. '22

The Immigration Law

Quotas, under the present immigration law of the United States, are, from every point of view, an absurd arrangement. Because a young Belgian woman, wife of a Chicago man who had taken out his first citizenship papers, went back to Belgium to get her young son, and returned on the "Aquitania" only a few hours

before the new fiscal year, with a new quota, would begin on July first, she is now required by the immigration authorities to return to Belgium and come back again to make a new application. Obviously this formality of needlessly repeated travel is ridiculous. But more than that, the incident calls attention to the fact that the number of people from any one country who are already in the United States is not a logical basis for the admission of new immigrants to preserve, without any real reason, the present proportion among the various nationalities.

The International Interpreter, Ag. 12, '22

Politics

Many men and women declare that they have no interest in politics. No one ever says that he has no interest in the size of his income. But the size of every income is revised downward by politics and politicians. Thousands are answering advertisements proclaiming that by spare-time study anyone can fit himself for a better-paying job. A spare-time study of politics will not only add to your income but to your self-respect. As the ads put it, "You can be your own boss!"—your own political boss. A few hours weekly—the time spent in a game of bridge or devoted to the sporting page will put you in possession of the information that will enable you to act intelligently in politics.

Good intentions are not enough. They must be informed with knowledge to enable you to get possession of the political machinery, and with common sense if you are to diagnose and defeat foolish legislation. Organization, votes of protest, unhorsing this senator and rebuking first this party and then that are all futile unless they are based on education. And that education is ridiculously easy to get and to make effective, compared to its social and economic value to the individual. *Saturday Evening Post*

Religion and World Restoration

Abstracted from *The North American Review*

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman

THE paramount problem of today is the restoration of the world to normal conditions. While many agencies, political, industrial, capitalistic, educational, etc., are contributing their theoretical and practical measures towards a solution of the world's perplexities, it is pertinent to ask, what part Religion can and will take in the rebuilding of the world. That Religion is vitally interested in the salvaging of humanity is self-evident, but whether it will become an active factor in resurrecting the dead bones of our civilization and investing them with a new body and soul is a mooted question.

The great religions lost another opportunity in not preventing the late war. The war was an evidence of the impotence of religions to redeem mankind from sin. The war lords who were responsible were members of the Church. They even claimed to be inspired by the Almighty to undertake the butchery of God's children. The Church stood aghast and helpless at such monstrous blasphemy. As an organized institution for the moral redemption of mankind the Church failed.

The churches failed to save humanity against itself because these churches have been more interested in saving themselves than in saving humanity. In their creeds they professed to seek truth and human brotherhood; but in reality they sought to establish their particular theology as the absolute truth, and their own sect as the basis of a universal brotherhood. Men were judged, not by the purity of their lives, but by the particular brand of their theology. Sectarianism was substituted for religion and totally eclipsed the importance of

moral teaching. Churches preached love of man, but what they really meant was love for the man who accepted a particular ironclad creed and ritual. The same churches even sought to control educational institutions and, furthermore, endeavored to inject religion into politics. Some churches sent forth missionaries ostensibly to save "lost souls" but in reality to wage an insidious campaign against other religions.

2. Religions have been fighting against one another instead of uniting against their common foes, to wit: materialism, sensualism, selfishness, pride and combativeness. It has naturally resulted from the interference of certain churches with government, educational, social and political agencies, as well as with representatives of other faiths, that persecutions, riots and even wars were fomented in the interest of militant religions.

Truth beggars description of the many crimes that have been committed in the name of religion. What with intolerance, bigotry and persecutions, to say nothing of social and political discriminations, instigated by agents of the churches during the past 2,000 years, much time has been lost, untold moneys and energies have been wasted, and the redemption of mankind postponed to a dim future!

These conclusions are not mere sensational statements, but matters of historical record. The well known "murders of the innocents," the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Crusades, the pogroms of Russia, are only a few of many instances of the churches' warfare against humanity; of the failure of the faiths to destroy crime, hatred, cruelty and war because they themselves resorted to

those means to foster what they called religion. The inconsistencies of the devotees of the Church, the incongruities between their profession and practice, have in a great measure been responsible for the failure of the Churches to stop war.

3. If the Church is to play any part in the world's restoration, it must reform its methods. Insistence upon an ironclad theology and ritual, with the resultant militant sectarianism, pernicious missionarizing, and interference with government, politics, education and other religions must be abandoned.

The Ten Commandments constitute an ethical religion sufficient in itself to reform mankind. Had the war lords of Europe been guided by the three great fundamental ideals of Justice, Mercy and Humility there would have been no war. They sought not justice, but only their selfish supremacy; they were not merciful, for they strutted forth in arrogance as long as they were protected by guns.

When men have learned to practice justice, mercy and humility, they will appreciate the great prophetic ideal, "Have we not all one Father? Has not He created us all? Why then shall we deal treacherously, every man against his brother?" Here is the basis of a common Brotherhood of man growing out of a common Fatherhood of God. If we believe in one God, then all men are His children; then humanity is one family; then why all this intrigue and treachery? Only because churches have preached brotherhood, but have divided men into hostile factions, splitting hairs over theology; instead of demanding a universal brotherhood that shall acknowledge the God of truth, justice, love and peace as the only King.

The late war has proved that ecclesiastical edicts have been ineffective for the creation of world peace. And they have been ineffective because the militancy of the churches contradicted and neutralized the peace professions. Nations would not heed the peace offers of religions that themselves were aggressive and militant.

The world can be redeemed by means of the Ten Commandments, the practice of justice, mercy and humility, the love of God and man, liberty, equality and fraternity for all people, the abolition of war, and the substitution therefore of a universal Supreme Court.

Those ideals cannot be carried out by any one faith alone. What is needed is concerted action on the part of religions—a League of Religions, that will overlook points of disagreement and unite for the promotion of those principles and ideals on which agreement can be had. As a rule the points of disagreement relate to theology, ritual, Biblical interpretations, sacraments, and might well be held in abeyance in a consideration of problems for the establishment of world peace. A League of Religions founded on a broad platform of the Ethical Reformation of Mankind could formulate plans for the general welfare without infringing upon the autonomy of constituent religions. Such a League could unequivocally endorse the Ten Commandments, agree upon abandonment of competitive missionary efforts, emphasize the total separation of Church and State, denounce and oppose all forms of religious prejudice and discrimination, and advocate the complete disarmament of nations. Such a League could militate against religious competition and unite churches in combating the common enemies of religion and humanity, namely, falsehood, justice, crime and war. It could create a sound public opinion throughout the world on behalf of international unity and peace that would be irresistible. The word of the ancient prophet of Israel, "Have we not all one Father? Has not one God created us all? Why should we deal treacherously one against the other?" would then be heeded by all men. The League of Religions would then become the precursor of the Brotherhood of Man. *N. Am. Rev., Ag. '22.*

The Antioch Idea

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

An interview with Arthur E. Morgan

Bruce Barton

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1. How is the graduate to get aboard?
 2. The curriculum neglects the imagination.
 3. Alternating study and experience.
 4. Training students for proprietorship.
 5. Why business consolidations occur.
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"THE other day a young fellow consulted me as to how he ought to start in the world. He had graduated from a great university as a sanitary engineer.

"What does a sanitary engineer do?" I asked him. He was a little vague about that—said a sanitary engineer laid sewers and so on.

"Haven't you ever thought, during your college course, how you would go about it to get a job?" I continued.

"He said he hadn't, except in an indefinite sort of fashion.

"Suppose you do get a job, how will you know whether it is a good job?" I persisted. "Have you any knowledge at all of how business is organized, and what sort of jobs lead up, and what sort lead nowhere?"

"On all of these matters his education had been a blank. All his school life someone had been telling him to do so and so, read such and such pages in certain books, and answer such and such questions. Except in the choice of his college course, seldom if ever, had he been compelled at school to stand on his own feet and to make a decision involving personal responsibility. The schools had carried him up to the station platform; but

the trains were rushing by and he had not the slightest notion how he was to get aboard!

2. "Every year several hundred men and women who have completed their college training go to the universities to enroll for graduate work. It is necessary for each one to prepare an original thesis on some subject, as part of the work leading to the doctor's degree. And I am told that over half these young people have to have subjects assigned to them. They are mature folks—well over 21 years. They are the finished products of our educational institutions. Yet not half of them have found, in all their years, any subject that stirred their imaginations, or aroused their curiosity. They have taken orders from their teachers all the way through, and they expect to go on taking orders permanently.

"The Yankee habit of going it alone is being lost out of our American boys. What we need tremendously is more men trained in the technique, the habit, and the expectation of proprietorship.

3. "Out of such observations came my interest in education. So I welcomed the opportunity at Antioch College and, without giving up my engineering practice, I have become somewhat to my own amazement and amusement—a college president. We are going to train men and women for proprietorship.

"I say train, rather than teach. for training infers practice as well as study. And some form of apprenticeship or other practice is necessary.

"The board of trustees and the faculty have been pretty much rebuilt. Onto the board have come such men as Frank A. Vanderlip; C. F. Ketterling, vice-president of the General

Motors Corporation; and Henry A. Dennison, president of the Dennison Manufacturing Company. To the faculty, we have recruited men who could bring us a record of successful achievement in the active world. We have 200 students this year and want to increase gradually to 500 to 600. Each student alternates five weeks of study with five weeks of work in one of the industries in Springfield, Dayton, or other nearby city. None of them saw wood or mow lawns or tend furnaces. They are at work in jobs that involve responsibility and carry good pay; some freshmen are earning as much as \$40, and no one is earning less than \$15.

"Our faculty members, including myself, who handle these courses in business administration, give part of their time to the college and part to commercial work. Each of us turns into the college a part of whatever we earn, in professional fees, and in that way reduce the expense to the institution. And by keeping up our professional activities we bring to the college close, present-day contact with active business life.

4. "As soon as they get their bearings, we shall encourage our students to get into business for themselves wherever they can—to take contracts for laying sidewalks, to set up a little laundry, or in some way to get the all-around experience of having to assume risk and make profits—in other words to have the fine exhilarating thrill of 'jumping off the dock.'

"Some day we shall have a big industrial building on our campus with ten or twenty little industries—a laundry, a machine shop, a printing office, a furniture factory, and all the rest. The accounting and overhead for all of them can be handled in a central office. But the actual work of management, the proprietor's work of making the thing go, will be shared by the students themselves. If they make a profit they will get their part; if they fail to make a profit, they will stand the consequences. College ought not to be merely theoretical preparation for life; it should be life

itself. That is our principle at Antioch.

"We mean to impress upon our students at Antioch another principle which is too often overlooked.

"We shall tell them that *no man can expect to find in his subordinates the essential qualities of character he has failed to develop in himself*. The dishonest man cannot attract honesty; the crude man cannot appreciate refinement; the unappreciative man cannot hope to surround himself with loyalty.

"Some critics make this objection: 'Everyone cannot be a proprietor,' they say. 'Where are the places for these proprietors whom you expect to turn out?' First, Antioch is a small college with a selected student body; but I answer that there is not a town, not even a city block, that does not have in it an opportunity for a proprietor.

5. "A great corporation purchased its leading competitor a few months ago. The president of the great industry wanted to retire, and the only man to whom the directors were willing to trust his job was the man who has been president of this smaller concern. To get the man they bought the business. Consolidations are taking place in business every day; partly because of the economies which big units make possible. But there is another reason: Our industries are drawing together into constantly larger units because there are too few men to run the smaller units efficiently. Businesses go to the men who can run them. And when the number of such men becomes fewer, the number of industries become fewer, and the units increase in size.

"There is nothing that America needs more today than men and women who will not merely find a job for themselves but will make a place for themselves. The qualifications are not impossible; they exist, in undeveloped form, in perhaps ten per cent of our men and women, whose initiative has not been vitiated by having too much done for them."

Am. M., Ag. '22.

Hands Across the Pacific

Abstracted from Current Opinion

Julian Street, Author of "Mysterious Japan"

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1. Why Japan has misunderstood us.
 2. Arguments that Japan would appreciate.
 3. Japan's greatest mistake.
 4. Desirable traits of the Japanese.
 5. The basis of peace in the Pacific.
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JAPAN'S economic problems may easily be grasped. In a string of some 4,000 islands, only four of which are of important size, and the total area of which is 10,000 miles less than that of the State of California, live fifty-six million people, and this population is increasing at the rate of about a million every two years.

Japan needs us more than we need her. We are at once her chief source of supply for foreign goods and her chief marketplace. Certainly the Japanese understand us, upon the whole, better than we understand them, but that does not mean that they understand us very well.

Now, we Americans are absolutely certain: first, that we have no ulterior plans against any people in the world, and second, we desire to avoid wars. Yet, up to the time of the Washington Conference many Japanese were not aware of these facts. What the Japanese knew was that we admitted hordes of immigrants from Europe, but barred Orientals, however cultivated. That is, the United States, by its immigration policy, prefers as a citizen a Jewish pauper from Russia, a poor physical specimen who will seek the squalor of the city ghetto, to

a sturdy and industrious Japanese or Chinese farmer who will till the soil.

The Japanese also knew us as a nation proclaiming the "Monroe Doctrine," under which we take by reason of our own power to do so, a very dictatorial attitude, broadly supervising the affairs of an entire hemisphere. And still further, they saw us from time to time interesting ourselves in the affairs of other nations, Korea and China, for example. Again, the Japanese have watched us make a series of territorial acquisitions which bring our outlying boundaries nearer and nearer to her own.

2. The truth is, that for two good reasons, Japanese immigrants of the laboring class are not being, and should not be admitted to the United States. First, that Japanese competition in certain fields of labor is too strong for the whites. This creates race antagonism. Second, that instinct and science tells us the chief racial groups of the world were not intended to be mixed. It is generally conceded that Eurasians — the offspring of Occidental and Asiatic parents—frequently develop the worst traits of both races.

The Japanese would have understood these arguments, since they themselves are obliged to exclude Chinese labor from Japan because the Chinaman can live on even less than the Japanese; and since, furthermore, no nation on earth values its racial integrity more than the Japanese nation. But some of the Californians are like the Cockney: they imagine it a sufficient argument to cry: "E's a stranger—leave a brick at 'im!"

3. Perhaps the greatest mistake Japan has made lies in her failure to have made China her friend. Japan needs China's resources and her end-

less possibilities as a market place; China needs Japan's manufactured products, money, organizing ability and educational facilities; yet the two nations are hostile to each other. Japan's feeling for China is not unlike that of an able business man for a helpless pauper. Losing sight of her own interests, Japan has followed the example of England, France, Germany and Russia, in mercilessly exploiting China. Chinese students who go by thousands to Japan for education are treated with scant courtesy, or none at all, and invariably go home hating the Japanese; and as these same students are China's statesmen of tomorrow, it naturally follows that the two nations remain at loggerheads.

Japan has been held up to the world—largely through the efforts of the Chinese—as a dangerous and unworthy power, while Japan's own efforts, if she has made them, to counteract ill-report coming out of China, had failed signally up to the time of the Washington Conference.

Japan arrived at the Conference friendless. That she now has friends among the nations is due largely to the revelation, through her conduct at the Conference, of her true quality.

4. The average Japanese has, in point of fact, many admirable qualities. He is industrious, ambitious and thrifty. Those who have visited Japan know that the Japanese are peculiarly law-abiding. Japanese civilization is a disciplined civilization. Vandalism, for example, is unknown. Japanese boys would never break the windows of a vacant house for the pleasure of destruction. A porcelain statue, if such a thing were erected in a Tokyo street, would be safe from deliberately inflicted injury. Floors and walls of lacquer are never scratched. Mud is not tracked in upon the clean mats of a Japanese house.

The essential truth about the Japanese, as a race is that their minds are of the same fabric as ours; that they are not our inferiors, but are human beings with the same sort of qualities, bad and good, that we have.

One of the finest qualities, be it added, is that of gratitude. Under the samurai code, a Japanese gentleman never forgets a kindness. No people are capable of such unswerving devotion to their friends. Therefore, it seems to me that peace may easily be maintained on the Pacific if we will but assume and preserve a friendly attitude in dealing with Japan.

5. There must be more of the spirit of live and let live. We should look with neighborly sympathy upon the many difficulties faced by Japan and should where possible, aid her. In Japan and China there are already a number of large companies having joint American and Japanese control, and these international enterprises bring in their train better understanding between the business men of the two countries, just as amiable understandings between scholars, scientists, engineers, artists, educators and others, of both nations, have sprung into existence.

I had, while in Japan, the privilege of achieving a pleasant acquaintance with a number of the nation's leading statesmen and financiers, and I am strongly of the opinion that they will, as a group show favorably by comparison with a like group of men representing any other land.

It is well to remember that militarism was forced upon Japan by the United States and other foreign powers. All Japan's progress in her relations with the rest of the world has come since her acquirement of military strength. Of course, Japan, no less than the United States, has her yellow journals and political demagogues. However, the Japanese people, like our people, were heart and soul for the Washington Conference, and there is in Japan, as here, an enormous feeling of relief over the results. A healthy liberalism is growing in Japan. Younger and more idealistic men are coming forward, and the venerable statesmen who believed profoundly in militarism are dying off.

Live and let live—let us have that attitude toward Japan.

Cur. Op., Jl. '22.

The Romance of Scents

Summarized from *House and Garden*

William Beebe

CONVENTIONALITY demands that we exercise only three-fifths of our sensory relations with fellow human beings. A friend approaches—we voice a greeting, we listen for the reply, and we clasp hands. In the conservatory he is permitted to enjoy the odor of the rose, but the most evanescent of whiffs from the distant kitchen must be ignored. He may kiss milady's hand, but he may not inhale the delicate emanation from her palm. Yet she often challenges this very sense with some one of a hundred delicate perfumes—filched from the kingdoms of the animal or the plant.

As we all know, racial body odors are as distinct as physiognomy—the musky scent of the Negro, the strange spicy odor of the East Indian, the sudsy whiff of the Mongolian, and—so we are told—the scent as of mutation of the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin.

Our near-sighted, keen-nosed dogs tell us that individual odors are as distinct to them, and a month in jungle or forest clears our own nostrils of the films of gasoline, leather, oil, soot, tar, and the hundred and one smells of our cities which deaden the sense until it hardly functions. Then, and then only, do we know the joy of full-sensed life.

Many of us, besides the Breakfast Autocrat, know that "memory, imagination, old sentiments and associations, are more readily reached through the sense of smell than by almost any other channel." And it is significant that kings of old brought as their gifts to the infant Jesus, gold—and two perfumes.

No one in the jungle can fail to stop enchanted at the sight of a vast lavender blanket of vine flowers thrown over the trees, or to be

brought to tense immobility by an abrupt, piercing scream from some hidden creature. But when wave after wave washes down on a gentle current of air from a host of invisible tree-top blossoms, if this thrills us like color or sound, we add the joy of a new, primitive, animal perception to conscious human appreciation, a pleasure not to be withstood.

But scent is not given forth by animal, insect or flower without reason. When, as in decayed flesh, we find odor as a mere by-product of chemical action, we soon discover that it is mimicked by insect and flower for their own selfish, vital purposes. Some blossoms smell like flesh, others like old fish.

Our jack-in-the-pulpit, and especially skunk cabbage, are past masters in this art of mimetic deception. It sends forth its gas barrage, and up wind come midges in their thousands. They are led direct to the curled leaves, and there the odor is reinforced by sight. The leaves have the very colors of decaying flesh, the entrance is smooth and inviting, the interior sheltered from wind and rain, is often twenty degrees warmer than the outer air, and here in this sanctuary, midges, flies and small carrion beetles collect, performing their part of involuntary fertilization, deceived in every sense.

The odors distilled by flowers were of vital use ages before the first human nose was fashioned. The leaves of garlic are noxiously scented to discourage the browsing of cattle and sheep, while the flowers are honey-sweet to attract the insects.

There is a delicate adjustment, a conservation of odor in flowers, those which are fertilized by honeybees becoming scentless at dusk when these

insects have returned to their hive, at which time other blossoms first fling their perfumed invitations to the keen-sensed fliers of the night.

H. & G., Jn. '22.

I have thought with admiration of the exquisite perfection of the three most important senses in an animal's life—vision, hearing and smell. The dog lives, as we see, mainly in the sense of smell. This is astonishingly acute, and it affords him his entertainment and gives a perpetual zest to his life. He examines the ground with his nose, to find it abundantly sprinkled over, so to speak, with the visiting cards of other creatures: other dogs, some known personally to him, others strangers; also rabbits, rats, and what not.

There is a vast difference in power in the sense of smell in animals and in man. The more civilized man becomes, or the more he secures himself against the forces of nature by improving his conditions, the less important to his welfare does this sense become. The dangers he is warned against by smell in a state of nature have been removed artificially; in an environment in which the function of the olfactories has been superseded, the inevitable result is their decay. This is in accordance with nature's economical principle; she will not continue doing for us what we have undertaken to do for ourselves, and will cheerfully scrap the exquisite apparatus she has been building up for our safety in thousands and millions of years.

When I see a lover of flowers and their perfumes pressing a bunch of violets to her face as if to drag something out of them with her nose by repeated sniffing inhalations, knowing that the violet's perfume fills the whole room, I recognize the fact that the sense of smell is so enfeebled in her as to be of no account at all.

But does the Armenian, the Turk, the Zulu, the Arab, press a flower to his nose in order to get the sensation of its fragrance?

When the naturalist Lumholtz lived

with the cannibal tribes of Queensland he found that they hunted by its scent the serpent, a large species of boa, on which they fed. Once on its scent, the natives would follow it long distances, like a pack of beagles, until they came up with it. The scent, they assured him, was strong and easy to follow, but though he went down on all fours and sniffed with all his might, he could detect no scent at all.

It is related of Wordsworth that he was without the sense of smell, and that on one occasion when he was sitting in his garden, the unknown sense came to him to astonish and delight with the lovely novel sensation. He described it as being like a vision of paradise. A similar vision has been mine at frequent intervals all my life. When a gust of fragrance comes to me, it is always like a new and wonderful experience, a delightful surprise. The reason of this effect, I take it, is that odors do not register impressions on our brains that may be reproduced at will, as it is with sights and sounds. We cannot recall or recover their sensations. Thus odors never wholly lose the effect of novelty.

So long as a smell is not a warning or disgustful one, or even if acrid or sour or pungent, it is agreeable to me. The heavy, greasy smell of sheep, for instance, and of cattle and cow-houses and stables, of warehouses filled with goods, and grocers', cheesemongers', and apothecaries' shops, and leather, iron, or carpenters' workshops. Wood smells are indeed almost as grateful as aromatic and fragrant scents. And many other smells—tanneries, breweries, and all kinds of works, including gas-works. But it is a pleasing change from the great manufacturing centers to the country and the dusty smell of rain, after dry, hot weather; the smell of rain-wet pine woods; of burning weeds, and, above all, the smell of fresh-turned earth—the smell which, as the agricultural worker believes, gives him his long, healthy, peaceful life.

W. H. Hudson, in *The Century Magazine*, Ag. '22.

Intolerance in Ireland

Excerpts from Hearst's International

Frazier Hunt

The following report does not concern itself with either side of the Irish question, but it is stimulative to thought, especially when considered in conjunction with the preceding article, "Religion and World Restoration," and the paper in the June issue of *The Digest* on "The Modern Ku Klux Klan."

AS I write here in my hotel in Belfast, I can hear sporadic rifle firing down the street. Lorries, steel-caged and bomb-proofed, dash madly by.

I did not think there was such a place in the world. To live here even for a few days is to live in the brutal heart of the seventeenth century. The persecution, the intolerance, the cruel hate of 300 years ago is here today, so cruel that one doubts if one's eyes see, and if one's ears hear.

Not a day, not a night passes, without some hideous crime committed in the name of religion; some harmless old woman killed in her bed; some policeman shot; some innocent workman, blown to eternity by a bomb bearing the hallmark of a church of God.

It is beyond belief that such ignorance, such hate and such intolerance could live and fatten in this twentieth century of wisdom and experience. Poor ignorant fools have been set at each other's throats under the spell of religious hate, unconscious of the winds of tolerance that have been blowing over the rest of the world; today they pray as long and hate as hard as they did when their brothers fled to America to escape the religious

persecutions of a dozen generations ago.

Along the border that separates the six Northern counties from the twenty-six of the South and West, there is intolerance and bitterness on all sides. I drove down to the border in the very heart of the bitterest sections. It was almost like visiting a momentarily quiet sector on the Lorraine front.

"Let 'em come over!" one of the Ulster specials said to me, "we're ready for them—a lot of hired murderers and cut-throats. They bluffed the British Government, but they're not going to bluff us. Ulster belongs to us, and we're going to keep it. We've been thrown down by Lloyd George and lied to and deceived, but we're going to protect ourselves."

It was the real spirit of Ulster talking. Nowhere, on either side, apparently, was there the slightest wish for compromise.

There was firing going on as I drove from the station to the hotel. It was Sunday and in the afternoon I wandered out on the streets. It was a broad thoroughfare that seemed deserted. One or two figures hurried along close to the inside of the walk, stopping now and then in doorways.

Around the corner a friendly voice addressed me, "You're taking a big chance, friend. There was a man killed up a street a while ago by a stray bullet. I could see you was from the States and was a stranger around here. This shooting is bad business. You don't know when you're going to stop something yourself."

He continued, "I was in a double-decker tram the other night, when a bunch of gunmen climbed up to the top, threw a gun into my face and

asked me where I belonged. Then they went on through and in a second I heard two or three shots in the ear. They'd killed a poor beggar going home from his night work."

I went back to my hotel. It was beginning to grow dusk and a pall of terror was settling over the city, as vivid and positive as a heavy fog. Folks hurrying home who had to pass through some "no man's land" between Catholic and Protestant districts, were wondering what luck they would have this night.

I spoke to the hotel doorman. "A lot of shooting going on tonight, sir," he remarked, rather casually. "A bomb was thrown about an hour ago and several people badly hurt."

"Them Sinn Fein paid gunmen is to blame for all this. They're sent up here from the South to terrorize us. The Southern Government is behind them. They want to turn Ulster into a Catholic country, but they've got to kill us first."

A chambermaid was in my room. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you back safe, sir. There's been an awful lot of shooting and killing going on this afternoon. I was afraid for you, you being a stranger. It's terrible, ain't it, sir? And it's all the fault of them Orange gunmen, sir?" She lowered her voice to a whisper. "I'm not supposed to talk about religion, sir, but you're a stranger and won't mind. Well, them Orangemen is all to blame."

"The Catholics is being put out of their jobs and they're being killed and the Orangemen are trying to drive them out of this part of the country—that's what them paid Orange gunmen are trying to do."

"A bit of brisk shooting going on today, sir," my waiter said in the dining room.

"Killing poor Catholics," I suggested.

"Oh, no, sir, these were Protestants killed this afternoon. These Sinn Fein gunmen are terrible brutes, sir."

"Compromise?" an educated and important citizen of the town said to me. "Compromise with those bri-

gands of the South? Never as long as we've an ounce of strength left in our bodies. We shall never join with them. They'd simply make a milk cow of us. We'll die fighting them first."

This was a "leading citizen" talking. I suggested the name of Cromwell.

"There was the man for them," he answered. "The Catholics started that business by their massacre of Protestants in 1641. But Cromwell showed them really how to do it. He'd attack a city and put every captive to death. Then before the dead were cold he'd move on to fresh conquests. With blood and sword, he swept through the South."

Apparently, there was no break in this vicious wheel of hate and fear and terror and distortion. For days I tried to find some sane voice crying out for common sense and common justice. I found only one or two—and their voices were so weak that it was like whispering into the angry face of a storm.

One morning a friendly old cab driver, with wisdom of long nights on silent corners where he learned real philosophy and real tolerance, explained to me that the workmen were always fools—always wasting their strength and hate on each other.

"There on the corner is where them children was killed," the cab driver pointed out. "Some devil threw a bomb into the center of them while they were playing in the street."

He stopped his horse and I looked at the raw, empty, murder-hole with awe and horror. A thin, bent, anemic man turned the corner.

"Raw day!" I commented in half fear.

He looked up at me in astonishment and, without replying, quickened his pace and hurried by. This was no world for pleasantness and fellowship. It was a world filled with bitterness and poverty and terrorism.

"Turn around and drive back!" I cried.

Hearst Int., Jl. '22.

Nobody Loves Us

A Condensation from The Ladies' Home Journal

Barton W. Currie, Editor

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1. Little love for U. S. abroad.
 2. We're blamed for Europe's troubles.
 3. We were sham crusaders in the war.
 4. American "cosmopolites" spread misinformation.
 5. Europe overrated in many things.
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LADY ASTOR'S recent tour of her homeland was a continual triumph toward a better feeling and understanding between the two great English-speaking nations, that must stand together in the years to come if our Christian civilization is to be salvaged from the wreckage of the war. Would that we had some crusader of the same charm and keenness of mind to tour the British Isles for us, for, frankly, nobody on the other side loves us just now. We have a few great and powerful friends—notably Lord Northcliffe—who understand us and who are successful in explaining us without apologizing for our crudities and diversified shortcomings.

Propagandists convinced the American people that the Yanks had won the war. Almost universally, we were positive that we had shown Europe who we were and how we did things. Almost four years after the armistice I arrived in England and France imagining that I would find a fair appraisal of both our efforts and our achievements. Foreign correspondence had sent us millions of words of gush from politicians who got away with a fine pretense of sincerity. Then there were the foreign visitors who had been graciously elo-

quent at innumerable banquets, as well as international bankers, who are constantly coming and going with honey dripping from their lips.

I picked up one of the great London newspapers upon my arrival. I ran through 14 pages of it without finding an American date line or a single reference to the United States. I bought one of the leading Paris newspapers. Not an item, except a few lines of mention of the rate of exchange.

2. This was the first jolt. The second jolt came more gradually. Americans, try as they may, cannot disguise the fact that they are Americans. As you are unconsciously gloating over the fact all the time, it bothers you that no one asks after the dear old U. S. A., or evinces the slightest interest in our affairs.

There appeared to be an undercurrent of sentiment that if we would be sporting about it and expunge our ten billions or so of loans to Europe we might accomplish something really worth while for a sick world.

"If you chaps weren't so extraordinarily stingy with your dollars everything would be right-o," remarked one Britisher, who seemed to occupy a commercial position of considerable importance, and who looked a great deal like innumerable other Englishmen who represent the upper and middle classes in Great Britain.

"We seem to have spent some thirty billion dollars and no inconsiderable blood and anguish on a war without expecting much more in return than gratitude," I retorted.

"Oh, yes," he said, "but you made the money out of munitions first before you got up your nerve to come in."

Crisply, I sensed that as a typical-

ly British point of view nowadays; yes, and a French and Italian view, too. You get it right between the eyes that nobody loves us for ourselves or for our deeds. We're too smug and prosperous after the war. We're somehow responsible for the high prices, the grinding taxes, the unemployment, and, on top of it all, we're sending over missionaries to promote a hysteria for prohibition. We're a peculiar combination of dangerous nuts and lucky stiff, possibly more to be pitied than blamed.

3. I must insert that I met in England and also in France, some of the most delightful men and women I ever hope to encounter. Theirs was a true friendliness of the sort, if there were more of it, that would knit the two English-speaking races together in a family alliance that might accomplish everlasting good for our civilization. But their appreciative judgments are not those of the mass of Britishers and Continentals, to whom we are still far-off colonists hewing our way through the wilderness. You hear constantly that our soldiers are remembered chiefly as a fresh lot, who insulted Tommy Atkins—"We've come over to finish the job for you, old scout, before you take the count."

I found not a few in England who quoted Ambassador Harvey to me as to our motives for going into the war. That we were frightened into it, and that the alleged idealism of President Wilson was bunk. Harvey can never forget his hatred of Wilson. And we can thank him now for indicting us throughout Europe as a nation of sham crusaders seeking undeserved glories. We went into the war to be shouters at the finish, having profited fabulously upon munitions in the early years of the Allies' distress. We were playing true to form as stingy Yankees, by demanding the repayment of the ten billions that we had loaned.

4. "So this is your first trip abroad! How thrilling! A wonderful world, isn't it? So different from sordid America and its dollar chasing."

I met this statement, in substance, in five different countries, always from the lips of American transplants or chronic American tourists who occasionally visit home. They get about the world with American passports, and with American dollars, but they are now COSMOPOLITES.

I must set down as the result of my impressions that we have only a trifling monopoly of sordidness and dollar chasing. If an American dollar set off by itself to race all over the Alps, nine-tenths of the European populace would pursue it relentlessly.

The misinformation of these "cosmopolites" who travel with American passports is appalling. They have never traveled on the American continent. They know less of American history than a Bulgarian schoolboy. They accept Main Street as the whole picture of the American small town; they deplore our vulgarity, our ignorance of art and culture, our habit of boasting, and so on. And yet they are quotable as Americans and are about the only source of information on the subject of the U. S. A. available on the Continent.

5. Americans who can truthfully say that they prefer Europe to what this country can offer in the way of conveniences, opportunities, luxuries, hotels, resorts, food, clothes, cooking, landscapes, mountains, plains, valleys, farms, wholesome city life, or village life possess a wholly different set of reactions from my own. Of course, there are treasures of art, of architecture, of landscaping, of city planning. But sentimentalists have overrated about everything, and no end of disappointments are in store for you.

Smoking by women on the Continent is one thing that is greatly overrated. Only in London do you see cigarette smoking by women on the same free and untrammelled scale it has reached in New York City and Chicago. My observation on the Continent was that most of the cigarette smoking by women in public places was confined to Americans and English.

L. H. J., Ag. '22.

"That Tired Feeling"

Condensed from *The Woman's Home Companion*

Josephine A. Jackson, M.D.

Facts worth knowing about fatigue, one of the commonest of human ailments.

Doctor Jackson points out that we are "seldom if ever" as tired as we think we are, and she suggests that a change in our ideas about overwork and fatigue would banish much of these evils.

The same opinion was held by an Englishman of an earlier day, who in an ancient book, relates the practical end to which he turned it:

A gentleman, having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, & joyntly cried to him to carry them; which because of their multitude he cd not do, but told them he wd provide them horses to ride on. Then with little wands out of the hedge as nagges for them, & a great stake as a gelding for himself, thus mounted, Phancie put metall into their legs, & they came cheerfully home.

Thus we see that there is no new thing under the sun; that the most advanced theories of modern psychology are merely the everyday thought of long ago, rediscovered and put to practical use.

Editor of Woman's Home Companion.

Are you tired, or do you just think you are? Is being tired an actual physical fact, or is it sometimes merely a notion?

Here is the answer: "Men the world over possess amounts of resource which only very exceptional individuals push to their extremes of use." This was the final word of William James, one of the keenest minds of his generation. The common notion about fatigue is less than 50 per cent pure, and its false ingredients clog up the faculties for zeal and enthusiasm to a degree that reduces the

final output of human endeavor far below its best possibilities.

The old Romans had a saying: "He is able because he thinks he is able." No sensible person believes that a mere notion could create physical power, but the Romans knew that self-confidence assures free flow to the energy that is already there.

Successful leaders of men have always recognized the degree to which true physical fatigue is increased by discouragement and a lack of results. They have known how to clear away this clogging sense of fatigue by the dynamic driving power of a new enthusiasm.

"Bring of the fruit of the land," said Moses to Joshua's foraging party, when Israel grew faint with hope deferred, even in sight of the promised land. The bearers returned with one branch of grapes borne between two upon a staff and reaching to the ground. The sight was enough to dispel all weariness.

A sprinter was about to collapse, when the roar of the rooters, linking his name to that of his university, swept the sense of weariness away from him. He says he felt an actual measure of physical strength poured into his veins as an intruding tide, borne over from the spirit of his fellows. There is nothing like a new enthusiasm to open up hidden reserves of power.

At the last inter-collegiate boat race one crew showed extreme fatigue; the other, only the slightest degree of weariness as they rested easily at their oars, receiving the plaudits of the crowd. Yet the victors had burned up more energy than their competitors. Nothing succeeds like success, for there is always a safe margin of unused energy to flow

in, in the wake of successful effort. Seldom do we even approximate the actual limits of possible strength.

Most of us respond too readily to the first indications of fatigue. The degree of fatigue that is sufficient to arrest our enthusiasm comes to be a matter of habit only. We may learn to ignore a much higher degree of fatigue with perfect safety, for the fuel-reserves are greatly in excess of ordinary use.

Lack of interest in the outcome, and a thoughtless conformity to the dead level of mediocrity shut us out from capabilities that would greatly enrich our lives. On the other hand, a genuine enthusiasm for the task in hand open to us a full flow of power for the task.

Just the right feeling about a task is all that is needed to start a good supply of energy flowing. Fatigue will be forgotten and the strength for the day will pour in just as soon as the right emotion is given full sway. Leaders of men and really clever individuals, make deliberate choice of the right emotion until finally it comes automatically. A sensible person knows that fear and self-pity and anger will drain his system of its supply of energy more completely than the hardest intellectual or physical work. He knows, moreover—what most people fail to realize—that the emotion he indulges in is always a matter of choice. Although it may seem to be called up by the action of those about him, it is he that decides how he shall take it, and it is the way he takes it that finally counts!

Does he keep his head in an emergency? Does he believe the job is none too big for him? Does he count the cost but lightly? Does he push

on with such vigor that fatigue has no chance to settle down on him? Does he have a sublime confidence in himself? Then he is a man, and not a weakling; a human dynamo, and never an object of pity.

Said a well-meaning friend to a human dynamo, who was moving forward under the burden of ill health, scanty means, dependent relatives, and social ostracism because of her disease, "You carry great burdens with apparent ease." Quick as a flash came the reply, "I carry apparently great burdens with ease."

To be constantly noticing how hard one is working would make anyone tired; and to be told by others that one ought to be tired, sometimes turns the trick. We are all suggestible to a certain extent. So let us play fair to others, as well as to ourselves and never make the wrong suggestion.

Self-pity is a bubble that needs to be pricked; and there is another sentiment that needs the same treatment. It is the bubble of self-complacency that makes a person say, "Oh, I am just working on my nerve!" Collapse invariably follows in its wake. If we did but know it, the collapse has no more reality to it than the earlier sense of working on one's nerve. Each is a hollow fancy; neither is a physiological fact. The suggestion to one's self that something may snap, passes over into the suggestion that something has snapped, and then the game is up.

For the person who plays into the game the cleverly chosen, just-right emotion, the limits of endeavor recede even farther into the alluring distance.

W. H. C., Ag. '22

Non-Violent Non-Cooperation in India

Condensed from *Asia*, The American Magazine on the Orient

Gertude Emerson, Associate Editor of *Asia*

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1. Gandhi's program of a self-sufficient India.
 2. Huge piles of English goods burned.
 3. The visit of the Prince of Wales.
 4. The policy of wholesale arrests.
 5. Most critical time for 60 years.
 6. The rising tide of Eastern nationalism.
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THE idea back of Gandhi's program has been that by making it unmistakably clear to the English authorities that their present in India is unwelcome, and by bringing enough pressure to bear, Indians will force the English to yield large measures of control at once. This hope has this far met with signal lack of realization.

The leaders of the movement easily raised \$3,000,000 in less than the allotted time. Besides the sums spent in maintaining a party organization which spread like a vast network over all the villages of India, large amounts were used for publicity at home and abroad.

After the non-co-operation program had been in effect a year, Indians had not shown much inclination to surrender their titles—only 21 out of 5,000 having done this. The movement for the secession of lawyers from the courts had met with more success, but the administration of the law was by no means paralyzed. The non-co-operators made strenuous efforts to render the elections of November, 1920, to the newly created Legislative Councils, abortive by

breaking up meetings, picketing the booths and intimidating candidates who had refused to recognize the Nationalist appeal to withdraw their candidacy. Instead of wrecking the political machinery, however, the non-co-operators merely succeeded in excluding themselves from a position where they might have made their influence directly felt in the administration of government.

The part of the Gandhi program which involved the withdrawal of students from government institutions succeeded in introducing considerable disturbance into the educational system of India—particularly in Bengal. Forty-two per cent of the students below college grade left the schools of Bengal between September and March, a number equal to between forty and fifty thousand, and by August, 1921, only 14 per cent had returned. Elsewhere in India the situation was not nearly so alarming. A tendency to return to the schools has manifested itself, as sober-minded opinion in India did not back this attempt to involve students in a political movement.

2. But Gandhi's economic policy, which had for its inspiration the amelioration of the pitiful conditions of the masses, rather than the industrial development of India as a whole, to which Gandhi was bitterly antagonistic, persuaded vast, inarticulate India that the champion who was about to right all the accumulated wrongs of untold centuries, had at last revealed himself. The spinning-wheel was simple enough to be understood by children. It was in terms of the spinning wheel that Gandhi addressed himself to the millions.

Gandhi assured me that India had produced over \$5,000,000 worth of

hand-spun, hand-woven cloth in the first year of the experiment at reviving this ancient cottage industry. Few intellectual Indians, however, approve of this phase of the program. The great merchants and importers are naturally opposed to it. Yet even in the great Calcutta markets, one sees great stacks of Gandhi caps and of homespun cloth. Where merchants refused to sign a pledge agreeing to import no more yarn or cloth for a year, picketers established themselves outside their shops and kept up constant cries of "Please do not buy from this shop," or "The Manchester cloth and yarn are full of sin."

The policy of boycotting and burning English goods, stirred up an immense amount of bitter feeling in India. The newspapers frequently described the huge bonfires, at some of which the crowds could "only be counted in 100,000's." All sorts of clothes of foreign make were in the great piles—costly silks, costly coats, hats, etc., soaked with kerosene. Gandhi was often asked to touch off the piles.

Before the war, India was the largest consumer of the Lancaster cotton products. Now comes the report that shipments of cotton cloth from Great Britain are the smallest in a period of over 50 years. Perhaps a large share of this falling off, however, is due to the great rise in prices together with increased taxation which has lessened the purchasing power of the people.

3. The arrival of the Prince of Wales was the occasion of a violent outbreak of rioting in the streets of Bombay, which lasted for four days, with a toll of 58 deaths and 400 wounded. Non-violent non-co-operation had suddenly become violent, in spite of all Gandhi's exhortations.

The government was now forced to take active measures for the suppression of the non-co-operation movement. Within a few weeks between three and four thousand persons were arrested in Calcutta, 1800 in Allahabad, and an enormous number elsewhere. Most of the offend-

ers were given short sentences of two months, but many of them are re-arrested on fresh offenses almost at once.

The truth is no longer disguised with respect to the visit of the Prince of Wales. If the tour was planned to draw out an expression of the loyalty on the part of the Indians, it was a dismal failure. The rioting in Bombay grew out of the desire of a small, wealthy group to present an address of welcome on behalf of their community to the Prince. The police were stoned, tram-cars were set on fire, shop windows broken, and persons in European clothes assaulted in the streets.

The Prince was, of course, received with elaborate welcome by the rulers of all the Native States he visited. Tiger hunts were arranged for his amusement and pageants of elephants were paraded before him. But the non-co-operators made it clear that India did not welcome him. His visits to Agra and to Amritsar had to be abandoned because of threatened outbreaks. In Allahabad he rode through five miles of deserted streets—the inhabitants having retired behind closed doors or marched away to a point outside the city where a Nationalistic demonstration took place. When the Prince finally left India, it must have been a great relief to everyone concerned, including himself.

4. The government, by suddenly embarking on a policy of wholesale arrests, gave new strength to the non-co-operation movement. Gandhi urged that non-co-operators should court arrest by every possible means. There was no dearth of people offering themselves for imprisonment. Meetings were held in spite of the laws against them. "We must spread disaffection openly and systematically until it pleases the Government to arrest us," Gandhi wrote in "Young India."

At Chauri Chaura, a mob turned against the native police, forced them to take refuge in the police station and then set fire to the station

(Continued on page 432)

Skilled Hands, or Automatic Machinery?

Extracts from *The Scientific American*

An Interview with Frank M. Leavitt

The man who is skilled with his hands is fast disappearing from the modern factory, and his place is being taken by a man who watches a machine do the task which once called for expert handling of tools. Many of us are inclined to deplore or even resent this change. But is this fair? Mr. Leavitt, who has produced as many of these machines as any single inventor, here gives his ideas as to the place which these machines occupy in the march of human progress.

Editor of *Scientific American*.

IT cannot be denied that the man who operates an automatic machine has not a very interesting job. He simply goes through a set of motions that are repeated from morning to night.

Now, then, if an automatic machine or any invention destroys the happiness of more people than it helps, it is a distinct menace. But what are the facts? A hand worker used to toil 12 hours a day to make a few score tin-cans. The machine worker toils 8 hours a day to make several thousand cans. His productivity has been increased so that he doesn't have to work so long.

More than likely the modern machine worker owns a cheap automobile, or hopes to own one, for automatic machinery has made the automobile within the reach of the average man. The modern worker has in

his home scores of things which were luxuries to the old-time hand worker. In a good many cases this is so because the application of automatic machinery to the manufacture of these articles has so greatly reduced their cost. The market value of any article is governed almost entirely by the amount of labor that goes into it. So I think if the worker at an automatic machine who complains of his lot were given the choice of foregoing all of the pleasures and conveniences that are his because of automatic machinery, or of returning to the old days of hand labor, it would not take him long to make his choice.

The young man of mechanical bent has a better chance to "cash in" on his ability than ever before. The man who stands at an automatic machine all day really hasn't replaced the skilled hand worker at all. The type of men which made up the skilled workmen of 25 years ago, today furnishes the toolmakers, the engineers, the designers and the foremen. There are more of them than ever, and as the number of automatic machines in service increases, the demand for such skilled labor also increases.

The man who, 25 years ago, would have had to chop wood, or swing a pick for a living, today can find employment running an automatic machine, and he can get a great deal more out of life than under the old hand system.

Sci. Am., S. '22

(Continued from page 430)
burning 21 of the policemen alive. Several local committees disregarded Gandhi's earnest warning against indulging in mass disobedience at this time, when the danger of violent outbreaks had proved itself a potent one. Soon after this Gandhi was arrested.

The general quiet that has prevailed since means either that the masses are, as Gandhi believed, sympathetic to the doctrine of non-violence, or that they are indifferent, or that, without leaders, they have found themselves unprepared to enter upon violent warfare against a government that is notably equipped with a trained, efficient army.

5. Potential danger is imminent, however, in the agrarian and industrial unrest which continues to manifest itself in many places in India. The nine million industrial workers represent as yet but a negligible figure compared with India's total population of 319 millions, and already within the past few years a million and a half of these workmen have been organized into powerful trade unions. In Madras as many as 27 different unions have been organized. Where wages range from 15 cents a day, as in the case of the Assam tea coolies, to 30 earned by the Bombay cotton-mill weavers, a situation lies ready for the first man who becomes a little more articulate than his fellows. Gandhi, in promoting strikes for higher wages and shorter hours, and for reduction of tax assessments in community cultivation, gave impetus to the growing sense of mass resistance to established control.

A section of the Bhils, a half-wild tribe numbering upwards of a million, chiefly centered in the hills of Central India, has recently revolted and formed itself into an outlaw army wandering over the countryside, armed with knives, swords, bows and arrows.

In the Punjab, the situation among the Sikhs has produced the most serious of all the present difficulties. The Sikhs have lately endeavored to re-establish their supremacy in the Punjab, and a political military organization, armed with battle-axes, clubs

and guns, is offering resistance to British military authority.

Lord Rawlinson, commander of the Indian army, declares that the internal state of India gives cause for serious anxiety. He insists it will be many generations before India can dispense with the British garrison, numbering some 75,000. Troops are being called out almost every day to aid the police in maintaining order. The ability of the government to maintain law and order is likely to be put to a serious test in the not distant future. According to Lord Rawlinson, the ensuing months may be the most critical time known for 60 years, or since the Indian Mutiny.

But the determination recently expressed by an influential group of Indians to substitute for Gandhi's policy of non-violent non-co-operation one of responsive co-operation, is a hopeful sign. The leaders of the non-co-operation movement are in prison, and it is not likely that any one of Gandhi's outstanding influence will appear.

7. The Nationalistic idea of a purely self-contained Asiatic India will pass. It is an idea bred of the Western nations' irritating sense of their own superiority. England cannot arrogantly impose her will as of old upon India but must persuade India that full and equal partnership in the British Commonwealth will be of real value to India. What the "Manchester Guardian" says may well serve as a text for government policy: "If physical force is to be the solution, we may take it for certain that the Eastern empires of Western men will pass from the scene. The Western nations will find neither the money nor the men needed to cope with the passive resistance or active rebellion of the multitudes of the East. Even if positive disaster is avoided the task will be given up in weariness and despair." The West must learn greater humility, greater generosity, and greater wisdom if it is to hold its place before the rising tide of Eastern nationalism.

Asia, Ag. '22

Rules for a Happy Marriage

Summarized from *The American Magazine*

Dr. Frank Crane

1. *A common sense idea of the sex question.* The foundation of marriage is the sex feeling. It is not wicked, but normal, and no life is well rounded without it. Without it there would be no beautiful romance, no family, no tender and sacred relationships of father, mother, brother, and sister, no little children. It is not ugly. It is beautiful and holy.

Chastity does not necessarily mean celibacy. Our mothers are as "pure" as our sisters. It is loyalty, idealism, and unselfish devotion—not unnatural denial of natural instincts—that make the only kind of "purity" that is sound and sane.

2. *Learn how to keep love.* Of course love is the one essential to a happy marriage. And the rule is, not that love usually disappears after the first glow of passion is past but that love flies only when one, or both parties, is disloyal, selfish or dishonest.

It is a natural law that if one man and one woman withdraw into the sacred intimacy of love, and keep straight and decent, they will grow more and more fond of each other as the years go on.

3. *Love is loyalty.* Love is spelled not L-O-V-E, but L-O-Y-A-L. If we are loyal in thought and deed, love will grow with our growth, and after fifty years will glow as sweetly and as steadfastly as in the first delirious morning of desire.

4. *Use common sense.* Common sense is based on things as they are, not as they perhaps ought to be. It is a way to get along—not a theory. Remember, your husband is human. If you are to continue loving him you must love him for what he is, not for what he is going to be, or ought to be. Remember your wife is not a

superhuman creature of impossible goodness and sweetness.

Don't be disappointed if your man is not what you dreamed him. If you are then you never loved him, you loved an image that was not himself at all. Many a soul's happiness has been crucified upon the cross of the ideal.

5. *Maintain your mutual reserves.* Intimacy can be overdone, like everything else. Don't probe into your wife's inmost thoughts. Don't seek to know your husband too well. Leave him some mystery, and you'll love him better.

To keep any intimacy from becoming irksome calls for all our resources. Take vacations, not with, but from, each other. Give your husband a chance to get away from you, so that he can properly realize the privilege of being with you. Let your wife have her own interests, her own tastes, her own time and her own money, as far as practicable.

6. *Express your affection.* Get the habit. It is largely a matter of habit. Do not allow yourself, from pride or carelessness, to get to suppressing tender sentiments that rise in you. Speak them out.

Don't economize on terms of endearment when you are alone with the family. There are children who can never remember seeing father and mother kiss except when about to separate to go on a journey.

The more love you spend the more you have. And the more you express your affection the more normally it grows.

7. *Don't express your disapproval.* It is impossible to live with any human being and not be occasionally repelled, more or less. If you are, keep still. Above all, never reprove, nor

speak slightlying one of the other, in the presence of a third party.

8. *Don't regulate.* People get married in order to be happy, not to be improved. Your husband is not a child. Remember, it is what you *are* that counts infinitely more than what you *say*. If you want your man to be good, the only known way to do all that lies in a wife's power to accomplish this end is for you to be good yourself.

And the husband who wants his wife to be modest and virtuous and refined must cultivate those qualities in himself. Any talking about them is worse than useless.

9. *Avoid the "intimate friend."* I suppose as many married folks come a cropper over this hazard as over any other. The secrets of your marriage should be as sacred as if you had sworn at an altar not to divulge them. No person except your God, not even your mother, is entitled to know them. The permanency of your temple of love depends much upon the inviolability with which you keep your holy of holies.

10. *Manage to play together.* To keep your partnership from becoming irksome or monotonous, you must find also companionship in play. Can't you slip away and go, just you two, to the ball game, or to the theatre, or to a little supper, or upon some excursion?

One hour of play together will do more to bring the echoes of your honeymoon than months of work will.

Remember, the vital thing in your love is that you shall like to be together. Like is a deeper word than love. To like a person you have to like at least some of the things he does. And in play is the companionship of tastes.

11. *Be equals.* Permanent happiness in any human relation is based upon equality. The whole principle of monarchy, superior class, dominance, and rule, is vicious. Get that out of your family if you would have any real peace.

What you want in a wife is a friend for life; not a doll to play with, a

pretty animal to pet, a supernally wonderful creature to worship, nor a slave to wait on you.

And fortunate, likewise, the woman who marries, not a master, nor a lackey, nor a meal-ticket, nor a lady's maid, but a strong and gentle friend.

12. *Have faith.* Believe in her—believe in him. Disbelief, doubt, suspicion, that way madness lies. All the joy you get out of your companion can be measured by the degree of your faith.

And the best known way to make anyone worthy of your trust is to trust him. For if that does not work, nothing will.

13. *Live by yourselves.* As much as possible get away from relatives. You can work out all the problems of adjustment better if you can be by yourselves.

14. *Don't take things too seriously.* Nothing makes one love his home so much as to know he will find smiles there. Be human. Expect mistakes. But learn to laugh at them.

I'll tell you a secret: Love clings to imperfections, not to perfections. The ivy climbs the wall by holding on to its irregularities. Don't be afraid your weaknesses will destroy love. Love feeds on them.

It is our little failings that draw us together. You don't have to be perfect and wise and angelic to make a happy marriage. All you need is to be human and loyal.

15. *Have an understanding about money matters.* The ideal way is absolute equality, perfect partnership, with all the money under the control of both. That may sometimes be impractical. But it is the ideal state.

16. *Don't both get angry at the same time.*

That was what the minister who married me gave me by way of advice. And it is very dependable counsel.

You are both high-strung and sensitive. You both are subject to fits of the dumps. Very well; expect it; prepare for it. But take it one at a time.

Am. M., F. '20

The Biologist to the Statesman

Condensed from The Century Magazine

Albert Edward Wiggam

(Continued from August issue)

The biologist prescribes to statesmanship the duty of:

1. Eugenics.
 2. Scientific research.
 3. Socialization of science.
 4. Internationalism.
 5. Art.
-

THE first commandment biology gives to statesmanship is the *duty of eugenics*. Eugenics is a method ordained of God for securing better parents for our children, in order that they may be born more richly endowed, mentally, morally and physically for the human struggle. Eugenics is simply evolution made conscious and intelligent. You cannot enact Eugenics any more than you can enact the weather. Eugenics means a new religion, a new moral code, a change in the very purpose of civilization. It means that the improvement of man's *inborn capacities*, for health, sanity and achievement must become the one living purpose of the state.

Eugenics is simply the projection of the golden rule down the stream of protoplasm. The men of the future will be born from this stream, and its quality depends solely upon us. You and your fellow statesmen have never discovered but half of Christianity. You have applied it only to those now living. You have failed to apply it to the great unborn. Jesus purposed that the unborn also might have life more abundantly. And the abundance or barrenness of the life of the unborn, the biologist

has found, is absolutely in our hands. Not environment, but heredity alone will insure to them the life abundant. We may do a little for their environment, but we can absolutely determine their heredity. And their heredity, the biologist knows, will determine four-fifths of their happiness. It Jesus had been among us, he would have been president of the first Eugenics Congress. He would have cried: "A new commandment I give unto you—Do unto both the born and the unborn as you would have the born and the unborn do unto you."

2. The second commandment of biology is the *duty of scientific research*.

In the electron of the atom and the germ-cell of living protoplasm man has at last found God at work in His own workshop. The machinist who has looked about this workshop and said, "It is all machinery." The spiritualist has said, "Behind it is the breath of God." One has found the tools; the other has found the Workman. But both are agreed that the endless discovery of natural law is the only way to co-operate with it. And co-operation with natural law—the will of God—is the only righteousness. It is only thus that man can become a practical co-worker with God. And for men to become, upon a national and world-wide scale, practical co-workers with God—this and this alone is progress.

3. The third commandment of biology is the *duty of the socialization of science*.

Science, locked up in the scientist's head or in his unknowable tongue, cannot nourish the common man any

more than the picture in the artist's imagination can touch with beauty the soul of the common man until it is transferred to the canvas. The writer, orator and dramatist must give the mysteries of the scientist to the people. And your duty as social, business, religious, educational, and political statesman is to *organize* these precepts into social custom, legal statute, educational policy, religious worship, and the compelling forms of art. If you bring all the ministries of science to the common man, you will endow him with new and unknown powers of personal character, political efficiency, and social service.

4. And the fourth commandment of biology is the *duty of internationalism*.

Even a scientific civilization, if it is only national, will soon be crushed by war. It will never make war, but it must defend itself. No nation, can, therefore, remain civilized until all mankind is civilized. Your nationalistic slogans are not only insufficient unto a world order, but they are not even sufficient unto a permanent national order.

Biology has exploded the myth of the melting-pot. Each race and nation must still create its own culture, and its own national or racial psychology, its own specific intellectual discipline.

5. Lastly, the fifth commandment of biology is the *duty of art*.

The very face and form of man has probably changed under the influence of art, for beauty sets up ideals of mate selection between man and woman. And mate selection between man and woman is the supreme cause of both racial glory and decline. Art determines ideas of beauty, and beauty in man or woman is the outward index of survival value. Beauty is thus nature's flaming banner of her own evolution.

If the worship of physical beauty can, by inducing selection toward it, change the faces of men, the worship of moral beauty can likewise change the mind and character of men. Art, in all its endless forms should then,

become the aim of all your systems of education, leading men with its gentle ministrations toward a better, wiser, happier and far more beautiful human race.

Centy. M., Mr. '22

A traffic jam was caused on Fifth Avenue by the breakdown of a Greek's push-cart.

"Those fellows are a public nuisance," one of my friends complained. "They ought to be kept off the streets."

"Just a minute; just a minute," said the man with whom we rode. "You'd better be careful how you disparage that gentleman. The chances are very good that your son will be working for that man's son. Those chaps have something that most of us lack; and their children will have something that our children will lack. Your boy and mine will grow up with the idea of finding a nice respectable job in a bank or business office, and moving along from place to place as the men above him die off. Our Grecian friend's boy is probably shining shoes this afternoon. When he has saved a little money he will buy a push-cart. Before you know it he will have a store; and then a store and a restaurant. About the time your boy comes out of college and begins to look around for a place where a boy who is educated but doesn't know anything can find a job, our Grecian friend's boy will be driving his own car and buying real estate in the Bronx."

"The courage to turn one's back on a safe, respectable job and bet everything on oneself used to be pretty common in America. We were noted as an ingenious, self-reliant people; give a Yankee a jackknife and he would whittle out some sort of a business for himself and make money at it. But what are the descendants of the Yankees doing? They're wearing white collars and saying, 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir' and 'Right away, sir' to the sons of men who came over in the steerage, or off the farms."

Bruce Barton, Amer. Mag., Ag. '22

The People Who Live in New York

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Edward Mott Woolley

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1. 50-70 per cent of one's income for rent.
 2. The deadly cycle of fear.
 3. The pioneering spirit paralyzed.
 4. "In the heart of things."
 5. Let the truth be known.
-

SOME 5,000,000 of New York's 6,000,000 people live and work under the deadly handicap of the New York mind. This poisoned or distorted metropolitan brain likewise characterizes most of the 3,000,000 additional persons who live within the district served by suburban trains.

From the standpoint of the normal proportions of life, which are the foundations of family prosperity and individual independence, this lunacy is eating its way into the fabric of our boasted American character. Looking ahead a generation or two, one may see New York and its environs with 20,000,000 population, Chicago with 10,000,000 people, Philadelphia, as many more. A few great cities will have absorbed 70 per cent say, of the population. And what then?

The New York mind will be only an emphasized Chicago or Philadelphia mind, so let us study the New York mind at close range. How people think is the most important thing to know about them, for as they think, so goes the nation.

A survey of many typical apartment houses in New York City disclosed the significant fact that the families living in them are paying from 50 to 70 per cent of their incomes for living quarters, pathetically inadequate

at that! In smaller communities there is still a large measure of expense sanity; in New York, almost none.

In New York the normal proportions of various items of living costs are indeed altered. The one overwhelming item is housing cost. Rents were 300 per cent above normal nation-wide proportions even before the war, and since then they have gone up 50 per cent—often 100 per cent. A normal ratio has not existed for generations, and of course cannot be expected. As long as New York is New York, people cannot live there and enjoy the right proportions of rent and living costs.

And don't forget that the fundamental basis of family prosperity is and always will be the ability to save. On this factor rests the fate of the family, which means the fate of the nation. So the bigger our cities grow the more families will descend to penury.

2. An investigation shows that the average salary in New York is \$2,000. Consider the habit of mind into which John X has drifted after living for a decade on \$760 a year after paying rent. He'd like to escape from New York if he could find a way out; but like several million other New Yorkers he has utterly lost his power to reach out for his independence.

The dominating trait in John X's character has come to be fear. Next to old age and dependence, unemployment is the thing he fears most. He fears poverty, fears the landlord, fears his employer. All day he is beset by a host of fears over trifling details of his work. He fears to assume the slightest authority.

At home he fears the janitor next to the rent man, for this functionary holds extraordinary powers. If John

X fails to come across with satisfactory tribute the family may find itself on a hot day without milk or ice. Other deliveries may be mysteriously missing.

But John X bows under the yoke meekly; clammy acceptance is part of the New York mind. The habit of fear has undermined John X's individuality. Every movement and thought is tyrannically dictated by others; he is incapacitated for directing his own fortune, and hopelessly overshadowed by vast institutions.

3. In the New York mind you find little of the pioneering spirit—the red-blooded eagerness for adventure and rebellion against adverse conditions. Once inoculated with the virus of the New York mind, the atrophy of will, courage and vision quickly begins. Exceptions are relatively few. New York's tonic is furnished in constant doses from outside. The big concerns send to the smaller communities for new blood.

A few generations ago the men of the open were masters of themselves and of their work and homes; and the strong men and big things of this nation have come from these pioneers.

Not so today with the millions of people herded into the confines of the metropolis. Here young and old alike meekly submit. Their blood no longer boils at the normal man's boiling point. The right to their own souls is no more an inalienable prerogative. In the vast crush of humanity they go on with the crowd.

4. Ask the head of a family why he continues to pay, year after year, a killing percentage of his income for a place to live. "I don't want any of that commuting business; besides, my family will not listen to leaving the city. Inconvenient to the theatres, you know—and so far from the heart of things!" he will say.

But for the average New Yorker the theatre is not an important consideration; few New Yorkers go more than once a month during the winter. They must and do economize somewhere. Being in the heart of things simply means crowds, noise, lights, towering buildings.

There are thousands of suitable building sites available within 20 miles of New York for a few hundred dollars, and owners could build temporary homes of two or three rooms, until they could save money to build permanently. Indeed, all around New York you will find such temporary homes, by the hundreds—built by men who have escaped from the New York mind.

5. Most of those who get ahead in New York are foreigners, who beat the abnormal expense proportions by crowding. Thus they are able to acquire a little capital. Unless a man has some special advantage, it is virtually impossible to make any new profit in business in New York. The barrier which he cannot climb is rent. Beyond the question of rent, there were in New York in 1920, 121,671 retail dealers, or one to 46 customers. Competition is super-difficult.

In the decade preceding 1920 there was an increase of 54 per cent in bookkeepers, cashiers, office clerks and sales persons in New York City. The total increase in New York's population was 17 per cent. Independence both of the individual and the family, is waning much faster than the cities grow.

The solution must lie in the spread of information showing the small chance the man or family will find in the large city for individuality, comfort and ultimate competence. Decentralization must be accomplished. This could be done in large measure by smaller-community organization and systematic dissemination of knowledge. Country and small-city newspapers, as well as chambers of commerce and other organizations, could enlighten the people and influence a vast multitude toward the building up of these smaller places. Perhaps, more than all, the public schools, through special studies and research in local opportunities and fundamental economics, could impress on the rising generation the lunacy and hopelessness of the great cities. S. E. P., Ag. 5, '22

The New Forty-Niners

Digested from The Survey Graphic

Elwood Mead

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1. California settlements attracting world-wide attention.
 2. Farms for the poor man.
 3. Many benefits from co-operation.
 4. European farms lower priced than American.
 5. Rural life of the future.
-

CALIFORNIA no longer limits itself to the isolated settler, but it creates communities. Each settlement area must be large enough to provide homes for one hundred or more families. This makes it possible to secure economies in development, to make co-operation in buying and selling a factor of real value. One hundred families, all engaged in the same adventure, gain hope and courage by touching elbows. They can have a social and recreational life of their own.

The state colonies have been studied by commissions from more than two score foreign countries and by official delegations from half the states in this country. The State of Washington is putting into operation a law similar to California's. The Chicago office of the Santa Fe Railroad writes that in six months it has received over five thousand letters of inquiry about the California land settlements.

2. Governor Johnson and President Wheeler of the state university believed that state ought to make land ownership possible for all worthy landless people. It was recommended that the state profit from the experience of Australia and Denmark and create a single experimental state settlement. The scheme embraces the following features:

a. Only landless people to become settlers.

b. Homes to be sold farm laborers. The laborer is as necessary to rural life as the farm owner. His family should have the same opportunity to possess its own home and grow its own flowers and fruit as the family of the farmer.

c. Small down payment; balance to be paid within 36 years at 5 per cent interest.

d. Each colony to have a superintendent to act as the settlers' practical adviser.

e. A careful selection to be made of prospective settlers.

f. A rural credit system, enabling settlers to borrow money with which to make improvements and buy live stock and equipment.

The first colony was established four years ago. The legislature of 1921 appropriated three million dollars in money and authorized bond issues of thirteen million dollars, for new colonies. Owners of large estates are coming to realize that they have in their holdings opportunity to create a higher rural civilization than can come from unplanned development, and they are joining in a movement to make the state Act the policy of both public and private development. The colonies have shown what a revolutionary change follows, once a farm laborer is given a chance to possess an acre or two and to have a house and garden of his own. The scarcity of American farm labor is not due to objection to farm work, but to the fact that the best type of American will not live in a bunk house, where his wife and children cannot have the same conditions of comfort and social recognition as the wives of farm owners.

What has happened on these State Settlements shows that if American farm workers can be made a respected part of the social life of the community the love of the land will draw the best type of American worker to it. One farm laborer has already saved enough to buy from the board ten acres of land. Another has enough money to buy fifteen acres of land when the board can find it for him.

3. The State Settlement at Durham (6,219 acres) is in a dairying district. All settlers are required to become members of a co-operative stock breeders association which provided that only pure-bred sires should be used in dairy herds, and that no tuberculosis animals should be used in the settlement. Professor True of the State University was chairman of the buying committee, and, acting together, they could buy the finest stock.

If each settler had been left to go his own road most of the houses would have been makeshifts, badly located and badly designed, and the cost would have been excessive. But Durham gives one a new conception of what rural life may be—it makes a picture unlike the average country district. Professor J. W. Gregg of the Landscape Department of the State University, designed the town sites. Tree planting is a conspicuous feature.

A co-operative milk-selling association was organized and a central chilling and skimming plant erected. A community cold storage plant is now being built. Such a plant is needed in thousands of rural districts. Its first service is to chill the milk and to hold perishable products. But it has a room filled with boxes, which will hold about 400 pounds of meat. Each settler has one of these boxes, and when he kills a hog or a lamb can store the unused portions until they are needed.

The center of the social and recreational life at Durham is an oak grove of 22 acres. Here is a dance pavilion, used every Saturday night in the summer. There are fair

grounds, a tennis court, a baseball field, and a concrete swimming pool. There are seventy farm homes within a half-mile radius. The woman's club and stock breeders meet regularly during the winter; there are also social gatherings, lectures and entertainments.

These colonies add social strength to the state; in them economic and social democracy are both realized. For the tenant farmer, the young college graduate of small means and the farm laborer it means an open road to the life he longs for. It is to be hoped that the day will come when every graduate of the agricultural college who longs for rural life may make an early start on his own land, with a life-time in which to pay for his farm.

4. Successful colonization depends on a low interest rate for money. The profits of farming are small and are likely to continue so. Settlers must be able to borrow money at 4 or 5 per cent. Also, in the future, land prices must be based on productive values. For the last twenty-five years people have paid speculative prices, anticipating what railroads, cities and schools would do. The idea has prevailed that because land prices have risen in the past they will continue to rise in the future. Older countries do not support this belief; land prices in the best cultivated sections of Europe are lower than in America.

5. Rural life in the future must be co-operative. The rural community must be organized. The superintendents of Durham and Delhi have saved the settlers ten times their salaries, and it is their influence which helps to keep alive the community spirit that is doing so much to increase incomes, provide recreation and brighten social life.

Any community could have these activities, and only through such activities, including the land credit system of long-time payment, can the United States be kept a farm-owning country. No effort or expense is too great that will create in rural communities real centers of social and economic democracy.

Survey G., Jn. '22.

America's Most Popular Crime

Digested from the New York Times

William J. Burns

AMERICA'S most popular crime is one which, by its very nature, rarely gets into the public notice—blackmail. For to expose a blackmailer is to admit that you have something in your past which you want kept secret and so, when the criminal is brought to justice, the whole affair is hushed up.

More money is extorted every year by blackmailers than is lost through thieveries. More than a thousand expert gangs exist to collect money from the indiscreet or unrighteous rich. The facts rarely become public, perhaps never even reach the ears of the police, for scarcely 10 per cent of the victims report their trouble. The victims pay to avoid publicity. A list of only the more recent victims would contain many names of national prominence; its publication would create one of the greatest sensations the country has ever known. But the names are known only to such of us as never tell.

The better hotels, the winter resorts, the fashionable dansants, are filled with handsome men and well-dressed women who live, and live well, by prey. The "best" criminals in the world are turning to blackmail; they find that it is safe, needs little exertion, and is most profitable. It is not a game for the piker, but for the criminal who has the ability to pull off big things in a big way. One good job will provide enough easy money for several years of high living.

The classes from which the greatest tribute is taken are, in the order of their popularity: Wealthy married women; wealthy, very respectable men, with strong social and church connections; college boys with money in their own right or with wealthy

parents; the daughters of wealthy parents.

The blackmailers assume the guises which bring them into easiest contact with the victim. They are wealthy and cultivated gentlemen, or wives of scientists, or foreign agents, or, perhaps, widows of South American sugar millionaires. The bolder the front, the better the chance of quick and easy success.

The cafes give the best opportunity for the male blackmailer to get acquainted with men; the women are met by the women blackmailers in the dansants or tea-rooms. The first meeting may be only a friendly word or two. Acquaintance follows quickly or slowly according to whether the prospect is suspicious or unsuspicious.

Take the case of a woman. A woman who likes to dance is always glad to have the opportunity to dance with Mr. and Mrs. Blank in the afternoon, especially as Mr. Blank is such a fine dancer. Before long Mrs. Blank drops out for an afternoon. Mr. Blank gives all his attention. The silly victim thinks she is having a harmless "adventure." She meets Mr. B. quite often in the afternoons; she may write him notes, if she is particularly foolish.

Then Mrs. Blank's lawyer calls on her. He tells her that his client is about to begin a suit for alienation of affections; he shows a detective's report, which gives a list of her movements. She indignantly denies that she knows anything about the places named in the report, but discovers that on all those particular dates she was dancing with Mr. Blank. Her denial of the report would amount to an affirmation. The lawyer remarks that he did not care at first to take up the matter with

the victim's husband, because he did not want to cause her needless trouble. In nine cases out of ten the foolish woman thinks herself trapped and pays herself out with as many thousands of dollars as she can get together. The demand is always carefully calculated to be as large as the victim can collect, but no larger.

The fake detective's report is a material part of the blackmailing cases; scarcely anyone can tell exactly what he or she was doing at a certain time a month past. And when you are confronted with positive testimony that you were in a

certain place, and you know that you were not in that place but cannot remember where you were, the case looks bad—in your imagination. And if you do recall just where you were, you will probably discover that you were in a cafe with the man or woman who claims you were somewhere else. You feel that your defence is very lame—even without the publicity—and you pay up.

Blackmailing could not exist without the victim's fear of publicity. A few convictions would do a great deal toward driving out America's most popular crime.

Culled from The Literary Digest

War wages were bound to result in wage wars.—New York Tribune.

Strikers seem to be a little behind the times. They never make arrangements to sell the movie rights.—Wall Street Journal.

Among the things we don't understand is how a mosquito can get along without any sleep.—New York World.

They say a poor man can be happy; but a happy man isn't poor.—Columbus Citizen.

What we wish is that Henry Ford would now concentrate his genius on the quantity production of parking places.—Ohio State Journal.

One serious mistake was making the two hottest months of summer have 31 days each.—Memphis Press.

If paint is as effective a preservative as the advertisements say, the present crop of flappers ought to reach a well-preserved old age.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

The trouble with Father Time is that he doesn't take round trips.—Washington Post.

"Graft is Charged," sas a headline. Well, it won't be long until the public will get a bill for it.—Albion (Ia.) Union.

The reason why one can't tell where some politicians stand is because they are running so hard for office.—Brattleboro Reformer.

The best thing about women's participation in public affairs is that it keeps the affairs public.—Washington Post.

The habit of going to the bottom of things usually lands a man on top.—Boot and Shoe Recorder.

No man can be happy unless he feels his life in some way important.—Bertrand Russell.

There is no goal that is as near as it appears to the hopeful or as remote as it seems to the timid.—Lloyd George.

If you can't get away for a vacation, you can get the same feeling by remaining at home and tipping every third person you see.—Warren Chronicle.

The average man's idea of interior decoration is a square meal.—Denver Express.

Pulling Main Street Out of the Mud

Abstracted from *The Outlook*

Newton Fuessle

-
1. The road of roads.
 2. A rough road to good roads.
 3. A highway genius.
 4. A gigantic program.
 5. Motor trucks and railways are allies.
-

MULTITUDES of benighted residents of large cities still think of good roads merely as smooth and sporty stretches where they can step on the throttle and see what the old car can really do. Farmers, of course, know better. But one inclines to regard good roads from the angle of one's own personal contact with them. And few realize that good roads are as essential a part of manufacture as machinery, for every pin or thread or button that is manufactured has to rely sooner or later upon good roads to complete its journey to the consumer.

America has achieved a high degree of accomplishment in the neglect of its roads. The Roman Empire with its Appian Way may have deemed good roads a necessity, but our idea was sky-scrapers, elevators and Hudson Tubes. The term "stick-in-the-mud" became a symbol of the hinterland.

The motor industry realized that the sale of its rolling stock was directly dependent upon the right kind of road surface over which to roll, and eight years ago a group of automobile men and others got together and organized voluntary groups of citizens to promote the biggest road-building project in history—3,305 miles of continuous improved motor road, from New York to San Francisco,

known as the Lincoln Highway. More than \$41,000,000 has been spent up to date in actual construction work, and the gaps that still remain are rapidly being closed up.

The Lincoln Highway has proved to be a vigorous object-lesson in the social, economic, and physiological advantages of good roads. Physiological? Exactly, for good roads involve the elimination of much fatigue, and scientists point out that the reduction of fatigue serves to prolong life itself.

2. It is hard to explain public stupidity. We are a church-going, lodge-joining nation. We cling to the idea of public schools. And yet we have traveled with only the speed of a snail to the idea of better roads over which to go to church, school, lodges, and to market.

It used to be that when a county had a Republican administration it had a Republican road commissioner, and when the Democrats came in the county had a Democratic road commissioner. And yet it does not make the slightest difference to the average citizen whether he rides on a Democratic road or a Republican road. Partisan politics is worse for the substratum of a good road than adobe or clay soil, and it accounts in large measure for the terrible condition today of the 2,600,000 miles of roads in the United States.

Conditions became so bad that the Federal Government itself had to take a hand. Through the United States Bureau of Public Roads it deals only with State highway departments, and is exerting a powerful influence against political interference with such departments. It contends that the building and maintenance of roads should be in the hands of skilled

road builders of scientific training and practical experience, and that the right men should be kept in power through successive State administrations. This Federal bureau has wisely been kept out of politics, for its work involves problems as vast as that of building and operating railways. Federal aid to States for road building amounts to \$75,000,000 for this year.

3. Nearly every spring and fall every road to the little Iowa town of Montezuma used to become impassable, resulting in a complete tie-up. Business came to a standstill. It never occurred to anyone that such conditions did not need to exist. But the son of the local lumber dealer resented the spring and fall blockade. He finally went to the Iowa State College and studied engineering. In his senior year he chose to write on roads as the subject of his thesis. He went into the subject exhaustively, predicting the great future of scientific road building in this country.

Such was the beginning of the career of Thomas H. MacDonald. From 1904 to 1919 he was State Highway Engineer of Iowa, and he is today Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads—one of the biggest industrial figures in the world.

The average cost to build a mile of good road is nearly \$18,000. And so competently is the Federal Bureau run that only two-and-one-half per cent of Federal aid appropriations go for administration. All the rest goes into actual roads.

Federal aid works with a State highway commission on a fifty-fifty basis. It is apportioned among the States on the basis of their population, area, and miles of post road. New York gets 5 per cent of Federal aid money, while Texas tops the list with 6 per cent. No State gets less than one-half of one per cent.

4. The Federal Bureau in co-operation with the State Highway Departments is accomplishing a gigantic job. It is building a vast co-ordinated network of roads that will join at State boundaries, and ultimately provide continuous main ar-

teries of good roads that will connect all of the county seats in the United States without a single break. It will cost nearly three billion dollars to complete the program, of which the Federal government will pay something less than half.

Under this plan, the United States is building the best roads in the world today, and the work proceeds in a rapid, efficient manner, with highly perfected labor-saving devices and equipment.

"It will require at least 185,000 miles of primary roads," Mr. MacDonald told me, "to give the country the required network of continuous highways contemplated by the present Federal aid program. But that mileage represents only seven per cent of the total roads of the country."

5. Mr. MacDonald points out that there is no competition between highways and the railways. The railways as freight movers are essentially long-haul carriers of such commodities as grain, live stock, and coal, while motor trucks are primarily useful in the local gathering and distribution of products. New York department stores have made elaborate tests in which they have found that it is cheaper and more satisfactory to ship by trucks than by railways where the distance is under forty miles.

Lack of correct upkeep is the worst menace of good roads. The moment a vehicle encounters a bad road surface the destructive effect of the vehicle increases four to seven times. Mr. MacDonald says that trucks, if not over-loaded with too great weight over the rear wheels, do not menace the roads, so long as they are properly operated.

There are eight billion dollars of capital now invested in automobile rolling stock in this country, while from 1910 to 1921, inclusive, the total investment in good roads was only \$2,526,000,000. The appropriations must be increased to get the job done within a ten-year period. Outl., Ag. 16, '22

Cynthia's Husband

Three condensations from The Notion Counter

I AM submitting the question to the reader as an impartial judge—a problem of universal interest, touching the antiquated controversy concerning the relative values of woman's intuition and man's logic.

My wife, Cynthia, claims to be the proud possessor of a pair of invisible antennae, with which she can feel impressions and touch the intangible.

Now when I meet a person for the first time, I size him up by his conversation and by his general bearing. But these obvious methods are not for Cynthia.

In my business I am thrown with all sorts of men and I often bring one of them home to lunch; and then later I ask Cynthia what she thinks of my friend. Listen to some of her recent replies:

"My dear, Mr. Robinson is no doubt honest, but have you ever noticed how his teeth are set in his gums? No gentleman ever has teeth like that."

"Yes, Brown is a little like a gentleman, but his hair, Algernon—it grows just the way the hair of clerks in shoestores grows, right up out of his head. It is common."

My friend Jones was banished because he answered Cynthia's offer of salad with the words, "Thank you, not any."

Gray committed social suicide by saying "Pardon me," instead of "I beg your pardon."

After Cynthia had called on my partner's wife, she said, "Why, my poor Algernon, did you never see that Mrs. Black is simply veneered? Her 'cult-your' as she calls it, keeps peeling off and showing the raw material

beneath. She had evidently been told that perfect ladies make three distinct words of 'not at all' instead of running them all together as most of us do; and that it is dictionary elegance to speak of one's 'neveuw.' Perhaps you would have been imposed upon by those trade-marks of acquired cultivation, but I should have liked her much better if she had remained the nice, simple little country-girl Nature intended her to be.

"Her husband wears just the kind of a ring that railroad conductors always wear, and he says 'culch-er' quite frankly, and swallows in the middle of the word—no, he's not a bit pretentious."

At last I brought home a man who has not the strictest sense of honor, nor the highest regard for truth, nor the most refined brand of humor when he is with his own sex. In fact, other men call him a cad; yet he does have an enviable sense of ease, particularly in a largely feminine circle.

"There!" Cynthia exclaimed, "that is a gentleman! Oh, Algernon, don't you feel the difference? Don't you see that a man like that can say things that in some people would be—well, almost questionable; yet in him they're all right just because he has that indefinable something—"

But I could stand it no longer. "He has that definable something which makes every man who knows him distrust him," I said.

"Do you mean to say that you place a man's clumsy reasoning above a woman's delicate intuitions," Cynthia asked.

Now who shall arbitrate?

Clarence's Wife

I AM common, hopelessly and irretrievably common, in my tastes, habits and associations, and I am married to a Perfectly Refined Man. It is not an unusual situation.

Occasionally I go forth with him into The World—that little world of arts and letters which takes itself with such portentuous seriousness (my husband, Clarence, is an artist)—but I always feel like a cow in a china-shop, and if I move or breathe, I am afraid of breaking an ideal or tarnishing an illusion. In this little world the men are all rather small and colorless, and wear soft, pointed beards. Their speech is academic, and they talk about the petty poets, painters, and essayists of their acquaintance as if they were reincarnations of Homer, Velasquez and Sainte-Beuve. These innocent creatures speak boldly of themselves as “we Bohemians” though not one of them would dare to hold an opinion unshared by all. They are intellectual communists.

At these social gatherings Clarence sees my mouth twitching with amusement when I ought to look solemn, and my eyes filling with tears of pity for the little stillborn joke

that a tentative humorist has slyly produced. Once outside the door, I explode with coarse laughter, and Clarence says gently, “I think you are right, Sarah: my world is not your world, and it is better not to pretend that it is.” Now, though I am not “refined,” I do like people—just plain ordinary people, like those that Cynthia jeered at because their teeth and their hair grew in the common way. It has been my task to found a club, the House of Commons, the only requirement for admission being that the members should know that they are common. That, in itself, is sufficiently uncommon to limit the membership. We, none of us, pretend to be what we are not, or to like what we do not appreciate, or to understand things that are beyond us; and we all have a splendid time glorying in our inferiority. Perhaps in time my dear Clarence's good manners may be corrupted by evil communications as to enable him to join us, and then, indeed, there will be joy over the one saint that repenteth.

I extend an invitation to all those who see themselves as others see them to join this Society of Self-Constituted Outcasts.

Parables in Motors

AUTOMOBILES are such insolent advertisements of wealth. They create our socialists. They are vulgar, death-dealing machines. Look at those little children trying to cross the street—and that poor old lady! I declare the chauffeur is simply chasing her for his own cruel sport. I can't see how a self-respecting person with any regard for humanity can own a motor.”

Later, in a limousine of an acquaintance, my friend said:

“How safe we seem! I really think it would do no harm if the chauffeur should go a little faster. Do look at

those stupid women rushing across the street like frightened hens! And look at those children! If we killed one of those foolhardy little idiots, people would blame us, and it wouldn't be our fault at all.”

There you have the chief function of the motor. Nothing else changes one's point of view so completely and so suddenly. If, by simply slipping into an automobile, one can see motors and motoring from an entirely different point of view, cannot one believe that the same metamorphosis would take place if one could jump into a mental motor, and speed rapidly from one side of a question to another?

About Some Writers in This Issue

For twenty years **Arthur E. Morgan** (page 417) has been a civil engineer, handling some of the greatest water-control projects in the country. A few years ago, without his knowledge, he was elected a trustee of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio. And later—to his “amazement and amusement,” as he says—he was made president of the college. He keeps his engineering practice, but is intensely interested in putting into effect his ideas on training young folks, and they are wonderfully interesting ideas.

Joseph Silverman (page 415) has been rabbi of Temple Emanu-El in New York since 1884. He has been president of numerous important Jewish organizations. He is author of “Catechism on Judaism,” and corresponding editor of “The Jewish Encyclopaedia.” His article is the first of a series on World Restoration to appear in the North American Review by eminent leaders of thought.

Lafcadio Hearn (page 387) went to Japan in 1890, became a master in a Japanese school, married a Japanese wife, and was appointed Professor of English in Tokyo University. In 1896 he became a Japanese citizen, and died in 1904, having quite lost the taste for Western civilization, except in books. “Beyond Man” is one of the many intensely interesting

lectures delivered to his Japanese students.

Henry Pratt Fairchild (p. 393) a professor in New York University, is a specialist in immigration problems.

Newton A. Fuessle (p. 443) is a member of The Outlook's staff.

Laura Spencer Portor (p. 389) is a poet and prose writer of distinction. She is associated editorially with The Woman's Home Companion.

The remarkable career of **James Bryce** (p. 409), distinguished scholar and statesman, came to a close in his eighty-fourth year, on Jan. 22, 1922. “The Scenery of the United States” was probably the last work which he wrote.

Dr. Jerome Davis (p. 401) is a professor in Dartmouth College. He is author of “The Russian Immigrant,” published by The Macmillan Company.

The gay little sketches and notes about present day folks and conditions contained in “The Notion Counter” (p. 445) are some of the favorite papers from the Contributors' Club in The Atlantic Monthly. \$1 postpaid. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston.

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